MASTER VERGIL

NITCHIE

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MASTER VERGIL

An Anthology of Poems
in English on Vergil
and Vergilian Themes

Compiled and Edited by
ELIZABETH NITCHIE

Tu se'lo mio maestro e il
mio autore.—Dante

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VIRGIL

As when the gracious moon climbs up the sky,
Drenching parched fields with dew on summer eves,
The murmuring brook, 'twixt low banks rippling by,
Of her white beams a silvery network weaves;

The secret nightingale among the leaves
Fills the vast calm with throbbing melody,
So sweet th' entranced wayfarer half believes
Time is not, and his fair-haired love seems nigh;

And the bereaved mother who wept in vain
Beside a grave is soothed and comforted,
When the gray dawn doth over heaven shine:

Mountains and distant sea smile out again,
A fresh breeze stirs the branches overhead:
Such is thy verse to me, O poet divine.

— Giosuè Carducci

38500

PREFACE

Because in the year 70 B.C. a boy was born near Mantua who was destined to be the greatest of Roman poets, the last twenty centuries have been the richer. Although schoolboys, forced to scan and to construe, may, as Byron says, be glad when they no longer need "to groan o'er Virgil's devilish verses," lovers of poetry would rather agree with Harvey, who, again according to Byron, "used to fling away Virgil in his ecstasy of admiration and say, 'the book had a devil.'" Vergil, the magician, has conjured with his verses, and holds bound with a spell his willing victims. No *maleficium* here, no black art, although the Middle Ages credited Vergil with a knowledge of "nigromancy," but the white art of a great teller of tales, a great poet, and a great philosopher. It seems fitting, therefore, at this time of the celebration of the Bimillennium Vergilianum, to bring together the poems or the parts of poems which his English-speaking followers have written under his spell, paying direct tribute to the poet or to his work. The very numerous translations, imitations, and paraphrases of his poetry have been omitted, as well as the still more numerous echoes of Vergilian thought and imagery and diction. I have discussed and listed these elsewhere;* the inclusion of them here would have made far too bulky a volume.

The poems have been grouped under five main headings: Vergil the poet, Vergil the magician, the *Æneid*, the *Georgics*, and the *Eclogues*. Thus comparisons and contrasts may be made between those who have so variously expressed their admiration of Vergil, and between those who have, as Chaucer says, "followed his lantern," in retelling the story of the *Æneid*, in whole or in part, or in taking a suggestion for a poem from an incident, a character, a line, or a phrase in the *Æneid*, the *Georgics*, or the *Eclogues*. Strange comrades

* *Vergil and the English Poets*, N. Y., Columbia University Press, 1919. The Appendix contains a list of translations, imitations, parodies, and burlesques, chronologically arranged.

in laudation they are, some of them,—Tennyson with his understanding of the full significance of Vergil's poetry, Thomson with his cold welcome to the Mantuan swain, old Gavin Douglas with his winsome extravagance in praise of the peerless pearl, the chosen carbuncle of poetry; or Chaucer with his romantic tale of "sely Dido" rashly trusting to man's faith, and Virginia McCormick with her mixture of classic tale and modern instance accompanied by the blowing of mediæval trumpets. But every one of them, including the journalist who puts the *Æneid* in a nutshell for modern readers, is saying, "Glory and honour, Virgil Mantuan!"

If the material in this anthology were arranged chronologically, several interesting points in connection with the history of Vergilian influence and tradition would be manifest. The Middle Ages were quite uncritical in their attitude toward Vergil. He was to them mainly two things: a mighty magician and a great romancer. Dido is the type of the deserted woman, the martyr of Love; Æneas, of the false lover. This conception of the character of Dido is maintained to some degree in the period of the English Renaissance, when the Carthaginian queen, whose other name, Elissa, becomes Eliza in honor of England's queen, is made the heroine of several plays. But at this time the dramatic appeal of the rest of the story of the *Æneid* is also very strong, especially that of the last hours of Troy and of the death of Priam. Particularly interesting is the emphasis, born of the mighty patriotism of the age of Elizabeth and the defeat of the Spanish Armada, placed by poets like Spenser and Drayton upon the story of Æneas, the ancestor of Brute, the founder of the British people. In the main, the neoclassic interest in Vergil rather naturally narrows to an admiration of the perfection of the form of his poetry. The *Æneid* is the model for epic poetry, the *Eclogues* for the pastoral. Pope pays tribute to "the patient touches of unwearied art." This anthology does not, however, represent fairly the importance of Vergilian influence in the neoclassic period, for it was shown largely in the transla-

tions, paraphrases, and imitations of the *Æneid* and the *Eclogues*. There was scarcely a poet of that period who did not evince a debt to Vergil. In the eighteenth century, the love of didactic poetry and the renewed interest in nature both turned the attention of the forerunners of the Romantic Movement to the *Georgics*, which had been largely neglected during the centuries before. Thomson and Philips are only two of the many poets who show the influence of him who sings of "wheat and woodland, tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd." Thus each period has added something to the appreciation of Vergil, until, in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, that appreciation has grown to proportions adequate to his genius. For our poets of modern times have recognized not only the greatness of his narrative power, not only the structural perfection of his poems, not only his love of nature. They have appreciated the purity and strength of his national spirit, the skill of his technique, the exquisite beauty and majesty of his verse, the depth of his understanding of human nature, the universality of his thought and his philosophy. Thus Vergil has gradually come into his own. From the magician and the romancer he has become the great poet of Rome and of Italy, and one of the great poets of all the human race.

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ELIZABETH NITCHIE

January, 1930

CONTENTS

PAGE

PREFACE v

VERGIL THE POET

To Virgil . . . . . *Tennyson* 3
From The Prologue of the First Buik of Eneados . . . . . *Douglas* 5
From The Poetaster . . . . . *Jonson* 7
From The Fall of Princes . . . *Lydgate* 11
From The Motto . . . . . *Cowley* 12
From The Seasons: Winter . . *Thomson* 13
From Heine's Grave . . . . . *Arnold* 14
From The Temple of Fame . . *Pope* 15
From Memorials of a Tour in Italy . . . . . *Wordsworth* . . . 16
From Ode to Apollo . . . . *Keats* 17
Poets and Their Bibliographies . *Tennyson* 18
Concerning Virgils Eneids . . *Grimald* 19
From A Vision of Poets . . . . *E. B. Browning* . . 20
From Virgilium Vidi . . . . . *T. H. Warren* . . 21
Virgil, 1930 . . . . . *Joseph M. Beatty, Jr.* 23

VERGIL THE MAGICIAN

From The Seven Sages of Rome 27
From Confessio Amantis . . . . *Gower* 29
From The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus . . . . . *Marlowe* 30

THE ÆNEID

I. The Fortunes of Æneas

From The Hous of Fame . . . *Chaucer* 33
From The Faerie Queene . . . *Spenser* 40
From The Palice of Honour . . *Douglas* 42
From Poly-Olbion . . . . . *Drayton* 43

		PAGE
The Classics in a Nutshell		44
L'Énéide de Nos Jours	*D. A. Slater*	45
II. Dido		
Dido	*Virginia McCormick*	49
From The Legend of Good Women	*Chaucer*	50
From Confessio Amantis	*Gower*	63
From The Fall of Princes	*Lydgate*	65
From The Tragedie of Dido, Queene of Carthage	*Marlowe and Nashe*	66
From The Heart Fled Again	*Cowley*	67
Scholasticus	*William Ellery Leonard*	68
III. The Fall of Troy		
From Hamlet	*Shakespeare*	71
From The Tale of Troy	*Peele*	74
From The Iron Age	*Heywood*	77
IV. Echoes of the Mantuan Song		
From The Hous of Fame	*Chaucer*	81
From Hudibras	*Butler*	83
Laodamia	*Wordsworth*	84
The Song of Iopas, Unfinished	*Wyatt*	90
Lacrimae Rerum	*Babette Deutsch*	93
Circe and Æneas	*John Swinnerton Phillimore*	94
THE GEORGICS		
From Cyder	*Philips*	97
Pan and Luna	*Browning*	98
The Country Life	*Herrick*	102
From The Daisy	*Tennyson*	105
THE ECLOGUES		
Virgil's First Eclogue Remembered	*John Finley*	109
The Dawn	*William Ellery Leonard*	113

VERGIL THE POET

The chastest poet and royalest, Virgilius Maro, that to the memory of man is known.

— Francis Bacon

TO VIRGIL

Written at the request of the Mantuans
for the nineteenth centenary of
Virgil's death

I

ROMAN Virgil, thou that singest
Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire,
Ilion falling, Rome arising,
wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre;

II

Landscape-lover, lord of language
more than he that sang the Works and Days,
All the chosen coin of fancy
flashing out from many a golden phrase;

III

Thou that singest wheat and woodland,
tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd;
All the charm of all the Muses
often flowering in a lonely word;

IV

Poet of the happy Tityrus
piping underneath his beechen bowers;
Poet of the poet-satyr
whom the laughing shepherd bound with flowers;

V

Chanter of the Pollio, glorying
in the blissful years again to be,
Summers of the snakeless meadow,
unlaborious earth and oarless sea;

VI

Thou that seest Universal
Nature moved by Universal Mind;
Thou majestic in thy sadness
at the doubtful doom of human kind;

VII

Light among the vanish'd ages;
star that gildest yet this phantom shore;
Golden branch amid the shadows,
kings and realms that pass to rise no more;

VIII

Now thy Forum roars no longer,
fallen every purple Cæsar's dome —
Tho' thine ocean-roll of rhythm
sound for ever of Imperial Rome —

IX

Now the Rome of slaves hath perish'd,
and the Rome of freemen holds her place,
I, from out the Northern Island
sunder'd once from all the human race,

X

I salute thee, Mantovano,
I that loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure
ever moulded by the lips of man.

— *Alfred, Lord Tennyson* [1809–1892]

From THE PROLOUG OF THE FIRST BUIK OF ENEADOS

LAUDE, honor, prasingis, thankis infynite
To the, and thi dulce ornate fresch endite,[1]
Mast reuerend Virgill, of Latyne poetis prince,
Gemme of ingine and fluide of eloquence,
Thow peirles perle, patroun of poetrie,
Rois, register, palme, laurer [2] and glory,
Chosin cherbukle,[3] cheif flour and cedir tree,
Lanterne, leidsterne,[4] mirrour, and *a per se*,[5]
Master of masteris, sweit sours [6] and springand well,
Wyde quhar our [7] all ringis thi hevinle bell;
I mene thi crafty werkis curious,
Sa quik, lusty, and mast sentencious,
Plesable, perfyte, and felable [8] in all degre,
As quha the mater held to foir thar ee; [9]
In euery volume quhilk the list [10] do [11] write,
Surmonting fer all wther maneir endite,
Lyk as the rois in June with hir sueit smell
The marygulde or dasy doith excell.

* * * *

Nane is, nor was, nor 3it sal be, trow I,
Had, has, or sal have sic crafte in poetrie.
Of Helicon so drank thou dry the fluid
That of the copiose flowith or plenitud,
All man purches drink at thi sugarat tone,
So lamp of day thou art, and shynand mone,
All wtheris on force mon their lycht beg or borow.
Thou art Vesper, and the day sterne [12] at morow;

[1] writing
[2] laurel
[3] carbuncle
[4] load-star
[5] an extraordinary person, like the letter *A* by itself, which has the first place in every alphabet
[6] source
[7] over
[8] intelligible
[9] As one who held the matter before the eye
[10] desired
[11] to
[12] star

Thou Phebus lychtnar of the planetis all,
I not [1] quhat dewlie I the clepe sall,
For thou art al and sum, quhat nedis moir,
Of Latyne poetis that sens wes or befoir.

— *Gavin Douglas* [1474?–1522]

[1] do not know

From THE POETASTER

[*Act Five, Scene One*]

Eques. Virgil is now at hand, imperial Cæsar.
Caesar. Rome's honour is at hand then. Fetch a chair,
And set it on our right hand, where 'tis fit
Rome's honour and our own should ever sit.
Now he is come out of Campania,
I doubt not he hath finish'd all his Æneids.
Which, like another soul, I long to enjoy.
What think you three of Virgil, gentlemen,
That are of his profession, though rank'd higher;

* * * *

Say then, loved Horace, thy true thought of Virgil.
Horace. I judge him of a rectified spirit,
By many revolutions of discourse,
(In his bright reason's influence,) refined
From all the tartarous moods of common men;
Bearing the nature and similitude
Of a right heavenly body; most severe
In fashion and collection of himself;
And, then, as clear and confident as Jove.
Gallus. And yet so chaste and tender is his ear,
In suffering any syllable to pass,
That he thinks may become the honour'd name
Of issue to his so examined self,
That all the lasting fruits of his full merit,
In his own poems, he doth still distaste;
As if his mind's piece, which he strove to paint,
Could not with fleshly pencils have her right.
Tibullus. But to approve his works of sovereign worth,
This observation, methinks, more than serves,
And is not vulgar. That which he hath writ
Is with such judgment labour'd, and distill'd
Through all the needful uses of our lives,

That could a man remember but his lines,
He should not touch at any serious point,
But he might breathe his spirit out of him.
Caes. You mean, he might repeat part of his works,
As fit for any conference he can use?
Tib. True, royal Cæsar.
Caes. Worthily observed;
And a most worthy virtue in his works.
What thinks material Horace of his learning?
Hor. His learning savours not the school-like gloss,
That most consists in echoing words and terms,
And soonest wins a man an empty name;
Nor any long or far-fetch'd circumstance
Wrapp'd in the curious generalties of arts;
But a direct and analytic sum
Of all the worth and first effects of arts.
And for his poesy, 'tis so ramm'd with life,
That it shall gather strength of life, with being,
And live hereafter more admired than now.
Caes. This one consent in all your dooms of him,
And mutual loves of all your several merits,
Argues a truth of merit in you all. —

Enter *Virgil*

See, here comes Virgil; we will rise and greet him.
Welcome to Cæsar, Virgil! Cæsar and Virgil
Shall differ but in sound; to Cæsar, Virgil,
Of his expressed greatness, shall be made
A second sirname, and to Virgil, Cæsar.
Where are thy famous Æneids? do us grace
To let us see, and surfeit on their sight.
Virgil. Worthless they are of Cæsar's gracious eyes,
If they were perfect; much more with their wants,
Which are yet more than my time could supply.
And, could great Cæsar's expectation
Be satisfied with any other service,
I would not shew them.
Caes. Virgil is too modest;

Or seeks, in vain, to make our longings more:
Shew them, sweet Virgil.
Virg. Then, in such due fear
As fits presenters of great works to Cæsar,
I humbly shew them.
Caes. Let us now behold
A human soul made visible in life;
And more refulgent in a senseless paper
Than in the sensual complement of kings.
Read, read thyself, dear Virgil; let not me
Profane one accent with an untuned tongue.

* * * *

Gentlemen of our chamber, guard the doors,
And let none enter; peace. Begin, good Virgil.
Virg. 'Meanwhile the skies 'gan thunder, and in tail
Of that, fell pouring storms of sleet and hail:
The Tyrian lords and Trojan youth, each where
With Venus' Dardane nephew, now, in fear,
Seek out for several shelter through the plain,
Whilst floods come rolling from the hills amain.
Dido a cave, the Trojan prince the same
Lighted upon. There earth and heaven's great dame,
That hath the charge of marriage, first gave sign
Upon this contract; fire and air did shine,
As guilty of the match; and from the hill
The nymphs with shriekings do the region fill.
Here first began their bane; this day was ground
Of all their ills; for now, nor rumour's sound,
Nor nice respect of state, moves Dido ought;
Her love no longer now by stealth is sought:
She calls this wedlock, and with that fair name
Covers her fault. Forthwith the bruit and fame,
Through all the greatest Lybian towns is gone;
Fame, a fleet evil, than which is swifter none,
That moving grows, and flying gathers strength;
Little at first, and fearful; but at length
She dares attempt the skies, and stalking proud

With feet on ground, her head doth pierce a cloud!
This child, our parent earth, stirr'd up with spite
Of all the gods, brought forth; and, as some write,
She was last sister of that giant race
That thought to scale Jove's court; right swift of pace,
And swifter far of wing; a monster vast,
And dreadful. Look, how many plumes are placed
On her huge corps, so many waking eyes
Stick underneath; and, which may stranger rise
In the report, as many tongues she bears,
As many mouths, as many listening ears.
Nightly, in midst of all the heaven, she flies,
And through the earth's dark shadow shrieking cries;
Nor do her eyes once bend to taste sweet sleep;
By day on tops of houses she doth keep,
Or on high towers; and doth thence affright
Cities and towns of most conspicuous site:
As covetous she is of tales and lies,
As prodigal of truth.'

— *Ben Jonson* [1573–1637]

From THE FALL OF PRINCES

[*Book IV, ll. 64–91*]

WRITYNG caused poetis to recure [1]
A name eternal, the laurer [2] whan thei wan,
In adamaunt graue perpetuelli tendure.[3]
Record I take of Virgile Mantuan,
That wrot the armys & prowesse of the man
Callid Eneas, whan he of hih corage
Cam to Itaill from Dido of Cartage.

Thre famous bookis this auctour list compile,
Eneidoys first; which that dide excell
In rethorik be souereynte of stile.
He drank swich plente, this poete, as men tell,
Of the stremys that ran doun fro the well
Wrouhte bi tho sustres that be in noumbre nyne,
Prowesse of knihthod most cleerli to termyne.[4]

For in that book he caste nat to faill,
With vois mellodious for to descryue ariht
The grete conquest of Rome & of Itaill
Wrouht bi Enee, the manli Troian kniht.
Whos vers notable yif so cleer a liht
Thoruh al thi worlde, as in rethorik,
That among poetis was non onto hym lik.

He wrot also, this poete with his hond
Bi humble stile othir bookis tweyne,
Oon of pasture, the nexte of tilthe of lond,
The vers conveied with feet of metris pleyne.
Bi which thre labours a palme he did atteyne,
To make his name throuh dites [5] delitable
Aboue poetis to be most comendable.

— *John Lydgate* [*c.* 1370–*c.* 1451]

[1] gain again [2] laurel [3] to endure [4] determine [5] writings

From THE MOTTO

COME my best *Friends*, my *Books*, and lead me on;
'Tis time that I were gon.
Welcome, great *Stagirite*, and teach me now
All I was born to know.
Thy *Scholars vict'ries* thou dost far out-do;
He conquer'd th' *Earth*, the whole *World you.*
Welcome learn'd *Cicero*, whose blest *Tongue* and *Wit*
Preserves *Romes greatness yet.*
Thou art the *first* of *Orators;* only he
Who best can *praise Thee*, *next* must be.
Welcome the *Mantuan Swan*, *Virgil* the *Wise*,
Whose verse *walks highest*, but not flies.
Who brought green *Poesie* to her perfect Age;
And made that *Art* which was a *Rage.*

— *Abraham Cowley* [1618–1667]

From THE SEASONS: WINTER

THERE studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead —
Sages of ancient time, as gods revered,
As gods beneficent, who blessed mankind
With arts and arms, and humanized a world.
Roused at the inspiring thought, I throw aside
The long-lived volume, and deep-musing hail
The sacred shades that slowly rising pass
Before my wondering eyes.

* * * *

Behold who yonder comes! in sober state,
Fair, mild, and strong as is a vernal sun:
'Tis Phœbus' self, or else the Mantuan swain!

— *James Thomson* [1700–1748]

From HEINE'S GRAVE

AH, I knew that I saw
Here no sepulchre built
In the laurell'd rock, o'er the blue
Naples bay, for a sweet
Tender Virgil!

— *Matthew Arnold* [1822–1888]

From THE TEMPLE OF FAME

[*ll. 196–209*]

A GOLDEN column next in rank appear'd
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unwearied art.
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate,
Composed his posture, and his look sedate;
On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza stretch'd upon the funeral pyre;
Æneas bending with his aged sire:
Troy flamed in burning gold, and o'er the throne
'Arms and the man' in golden ciphers shone.

— *Alexander Pope* [1688–1744]

From MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY, 1837

[*I, ll. 263–269*]

OR let me loiter, soothed with what is given
Nor asking more, on that delicious Bay,
Parthenope's Domain — Virgilian haunt,
Illustrated with never-dying verse,
And, by the Poet's laurel-shaded tomb,
Age after age to Pilgrims from all lands
Endeared.

— *William Wordsworth* [1770–1850]

From ODE TO APOLLO

THEN, through thy Temple wide, melodious swells
The sweet majestic tone of Maro's lyre:
The soul delighted on each accent dwells, —
Enraptur'd dwells, — not daring to respire,
The while he tells of grief around a funeral pyre.

— *John Keats* [1795–1821]

POETS AND THEIR BIBLIOGRAPHIES

OLD poets foster'd under friendlier skies,
Old Virgil who would write ten lines, they say,
At dawn, and lavish all the golden day
To make them wealthier in his readers' eyes;
And you, old popular Horace, you the wise
Adviser of the nine-years-ponder'd lay;
And you, that wear a wreath of sweeter bay,
Catullus whose dead songster never dies;
If, glancing downward on the kindly sphere
That once had roll'd you round and round the Sun,
You see your Art still shrined in human shelves,
You should be jubilant that you flourish'd here
Before the Love of Letters, overdone,
Had swampt the sacred poets with themselves.

— *Alfred, Lord Tennyson* [1809–1892]

CONCERNING VIRGILS ENEIDS*

BY heauens hye gift, incase reuiued were
Lysip, Apelles, and Homer the great:
The most renowmd, and ech of them sance pere,
In grauing, paintyng, and the Poets feat;
Yet could they not, for all their vein diuine,
In marble, table, paper more, or lesse,
With cheezil, pencil, or with poyntel fyne,
So graue, so paynt, or so by style expresse
(Though they beheld of euery age, and land
The fayrest books, in euery toung contriued,
To frame a fourm, and to direct their hand)
Of noble prince the liuely shape descriued:
As, in the famous woork, that Eneids hight,
The naamkouth [1] Virgil hath set forth in sight.

— *Nicholas Grimald* [1519–1562]

[1] famous

* From *Tottel's Miscellany, Songes and Sonnettes*, 1557 (see edition by Edward Arber, in "English Reprints," Constable and Company, Ltd., London, 1921).

From A VISION OF POETS

GOD'S prophets of the Beautiful
These poets were; of iron rule,
The rugged cilix, serge of wool.

* * * *

And Virgil: shade of Mantuan beech
Did help the shade of bay to reach

And knit around his forehead high:
For his gods wore less majesty
Than his brown bees hummed deathlessly.

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning* [1806–1861]

From VIRGILIUM VIDI *

To Alfred, Lord Tennyson

LORD in this land and lord in many lands,
However far may reach
The myriad labour of our English hands,
Our always-widening speech,

* * * *

Now when the singing and the springing time
Makes bolder every heart,
Take, king of verse, the tribute of a rhyme,
Albeit of little art,
From one who prizes more than words can say,
As life and cares grow long,
What charmed with simpler spell his boyhood's day —
The magic of your song,

* * * *

And counts him thrice and four times fortunate
To have found such signal grace
Of welcome bidding pass the sacred gate,
And entering, face to face
To have seen the Virgil of our time, and heard
More musical than song,
The rolling cadence of the poet's word
In accents true and strong,
Grandly reverberant with a nation's wail
Above the warrior's grave,
Or softly calling to the silver sail
Across the moonlit wave,
In such a moving voice as that which made
The imperial mother swoon
With sweet and sharp of sorrow, when it bade
The purple flowers be strewn,

* From *Macmillan's Magazine*, Vol. LXVII, pp. 478–480, April, 1893.

And lavish lilies heaped upon the head
Withdrawn as soon as shown,
Rome's idle honour to a spirit fled
Too pure to be her own;
Or sang how piled beneath Misenus' hill
The trumpet and the oar
Signed the dumb ghost whose living lips had skill
To light the blaze of war;
The very voice of beauty and of art
Where yet so strangely ring
Those under-notes of tears that are a part
Of every mortal thing.
Dust is the singer, but the song endures,
Making the old tongue of Rome,
Though dead, to speak; and even so shall yours
O'er-leap the bounds of home.

* * * *

— *T. H. Warren*

VIRGIL, 1930

ONCE more, exultant legions proudly stand
At steep Trentino's borders, and once more
A Caesar rules supreme from shore to shore
His loyal race obedient to command;
In peasant cottages on every hand
Hearths burn with sloth-consuming patriot fire,
While high on wings imperial of desire
The Roman eagle guards his native land.
Virgil, awake from bimillennial sleep!
Once Roman, now the world's, your poet-voice
Can sing triumphant harmonies sublime
In praise of far-flung peace; upwelling, deep,
A paean that will make the folk rejoice
In realms yet unrevealed by looming time.

—*Joseph M. Beatty, Jr.*

VERGIL THE MAGICIAN

. . . many marvayles, that he dyd in his lyfe tyme by witchcraft and nigromansy, thorough the help of the devylls of hell.

—John Doesborcke

From THE SEVEN SAGES OF ROME

[*Story IX, Virgilius, ll. 2159–2214*]

'SYR,' sho said, 'þare * was whilome
A clerk, hight Virgil, here in Rome.
Wele was he knawen omang clergi,
And mekil he cowth of nigromancy.
He made a fire by experiment
In middes Rome, on þe pauement.
It brined [1] bath by day and night,
Þat no man it stanche might;
With water ne with nonekins thing
No man myght it out bring.
Þe pouer folk of þe cuntre
Drogh [2] ful fast to þe cete
At [3] warm þam bath fote and hand,
For þe fire was ay brinand.
Opon a toure þare of þe toun
Virgil made an ymage of latoun; [4]
A bow þe ymage held in hand,
And in þe bow ane arow taisand.[5]
'In þe vesage [6] als, on brede,[7]
Was wreten þus, þat men might rede:
"Whoso smytes me, knight or swain,
Sone I sal smyte him ogayn."
So it bifell, opon a day,
Þare come a Lumbard him to play;
He saw þe image with bow bent,
And to þe lettres toke he tent.[8]
Þai said: "If ani man me smyte,
I sal shote at him ful tite." [9]

[1] burned [2] drew [3] to [4] brass [5] poised [6] face [7] legibly [8] attention [9] quickly

*þ = th; ȝ = y.

Þe Lumbard was iolif and stowt,
And said vntil his men obowt:
"Wil ȝe * þis man asaid [1] be?"
And þai said: "Ȝa, þat wald we se."
He shot at þe ymage with a vire,[2]
And sone it torned al into þat fire
Þat was made in middes þe way;
Þan slokkend it for euer and ay.
Sir, þis was na wise kownsail.
Bot ȝit þar was a more meruail.
'Virgil on þe est wal of þe town
Made anoþer image of latown,
And in his hand a ful faire ball;
And als he set on þe west wall
Of fine laton anoþer ymage,
Like two breþer of vesage.
Ful many men it saw, and sayd
Þat with þe ball þe childer plaide;
Þe tane it kest,[3] þat oþer it hent; [4]
Þis was a quaintise, verrayment.
In myddes Rome Virgil made a stage,
And þare he set anoþer ymage;
A merure had he in his hand,
Þat þai of Rome myght se ilk land
Þat seuin daies iornay obout þam ere,
Who wald þam pese and who wald were.[5]
Þus war þai warned ilka day
Whan any fase [6] wald þam affray.' †

[1] tested [2] crossbow bolt [3] threw [4] caught
[5] Who wished them peace and who wished war [6] foes

* þ = th; ȝ = y.

† See *The Seven Sages of Rome*, edited from the manuscripts . . . by Killis Campbell (Ginn and Company, 1907). The authorship of this version is unknown. The date is probably not later than the middle of the fourteenth century, though the manuscript (Cotton Galba E. ix), is in an early fifteenth-century hand.

From CONFESSIO AMANTIS

[*Book V, ll. 2031–2045*]

WHAN Rome stod in noble plit,
Virgile, which was tho parfit,
A Mirour made of his clergie
And sette it in the tounes ÿe
Of marbre on a piler withoute;
That thei be thritty Mile aboute
Be daie and ek also be nyhte
In that Mirour beholde myhte
Here enemys, if eny were,
With al here ordinance there,
Which thei ayein [1] the Cite caste:
So that, whil thilke Mirour laste,
Ther was no lond which mihte achieve
With werre Rome forto grieve;
Wherof was gret envie tho.

— *John Gower* [d. 1408]

[1] against

From THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

Faust. Having now, my good Mephistophiles,
Passed with delight the stately town of Trier,

* * * *

Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye
The streets straight forth, and paved with finest brick,
Quarter the town in four equivalents:
There saw we learned Maro's golden tomb,
The way he cut, an English mile in length,
Thorough a rock of stone in one night's space.

— *Christopher Marlowe* [1564–1593]

THE ÆNEID

I. THE FORTUNES OF ÆNEAS

Ther saugh I stonde on a pileer
That was of tinned yren cleer,
That Latin poete, dan Virgyle,
That bore hath up a longe whyle
The fame of Pius Eneas.

— GEOFFREY CHAUCER

From THE HOUS OF FAME

[Book I, ll. 140 ff.]

BUT as I romed up and doun,
I fond that on a wal ther was
Thus writen, on a table of bras:
'I wol now singe, if that I can,
The armes, and al-so the man,
That first cam, through his destinee,
Fugitif of Troye contree,
In Itaile, with ful moche pyne,
Unto the strondes of Lavyne.'
And tho began the story anoon,
As I shal telle yow echoon.[1]
First saw I the destruccioun
Of Troye, through the Grek Synoun,
With his false forsweringe,
And his chere and his lesinge[2]
Made the hors broght into Troye,
Thorgh which Troyens loste al her Ioye.
And after this was grave, allas!
How Ilioun assailed was
And wonne, and king Priam y-slayn,
And Polites his sone, certayn,
Dispitously of dan Pirrus.
And next that saw I how Venus,
Whan that she saw the castel brende,
Doun fro the heven gan descende,
And bad hir sone Eneas flee;
And how he fled, and how that he
Escaped was from al the pres,
And took his fader, Anchises,
And bar him on his bakke away,
Cryinge, 'Allas, and welaway!'

[1] each one [2] lying

The whiche Anchises in his honde
Bar the goddes of the londe,
Thilke that unbrenned were.
And I saw next, in alle his fere,
How Creusa, dan Eneas wyf,
Which that he loved as his lyf,
And hir yonge sone Iulo
And eek Ascanius also,
Fledden eek with drery chere,
That hit was pitee for to here;
And in a forest, as they wente,
At a turning of a wente,[1]
How Creusa was y-lost, allas!
That deed, [but] not [2] I how, she was;
How he hir soughte, and how hir gost
Bad him to flee the Grekes ost,
And seyde, he moste unto Itaile,
As was his destiny, sauns faille;
That hit was pitee for to here,
Whan hir spirit gan appere,
The wordes that she to him seyde,
And for to kepe hir sone him preyde.
Ther saw I graven eek how he,
His fader eek, and his meynee,[3]
With his shippes gan to sayle
Towardes the contree of Itaile,
As streight as that they mighte go.
Ther saw I thee, cruel Iuno,
That art dan Iupiteres wyf,
That hast y-hated, al thy lyf,
Al the Troyanisshe blood,
Renne and crye, as thou were wood,[4]
On Eolus, the god of wyndes,
To blowen out, of alle kyndes,
So loude, that he shulde drenche
Lord and lady, grome and wenche

[1] way
[2] do not know
[3] company
[4] mad

Of al the Troyan nacioun,
Withoute any savacioun.
  Ther saw I swich tempeste aryse,
That every herte mighte agryse,[1]
To see hit peynted on the walle.
  Ther saw I graven eek withalle,
Venus, how ye, my lady dere,
Wepinge with ful woful chere,
Prayen Iupiter an hye
To save and kepe that navye
Of the Troyan Eneas,
Sith that he hir sone was.
  Ther saw I Ioves Venus kisse,
And graunted of the tempest lisse.
Ther saw I how the tempest stente,
And how with alle pyne he wente,
And prevely took arrivage
In the contree of Cartage;
And on the morwe, how that he
And a knight, hight Achate,
Metten with Venus that day,
Goinge in a queynt array,
As she had ben an hunteresse,
With wynd blowinge upon hir tresse;
How Eneas gan him to pleyne,
Whan that he knew hir, of his peyne;
And how his shippes dreynte were,
Or elles lost, he niste[2] where;
How she gan him comforte tho,
And bad him to Cartage go,
And ther he shulde his folk fynde,
That in the see were left behynde.
  And, shortly of this thing to pace,
She made Eneas so in grace
Of Dido, quene of that contree,
That, shortly for to tellen, she

[1] terrify [2] knew not

Becam his love, and leet him do
That that wedding longeth to.

* * * *

Ther saw I grave, how Eneas
Tolde Dido every cas,
That him was tid upon the see.
And after grave was, how she
Made of him, shortly, at oo word,
Hir lyf, hir love, hir lust, hir lord;
And did him al the reverence,
And leyde on him al the dispence,
That any woman mighte do,
Weninge hit had al be so,
As he hir swoor; and her-by demed
That he was good, for he swich semed.
Allas! what harm doth apparence,
Whan hit is fals in existence!
For he to hir a traitour was;
Wherfor she slow hir-self, allas!

* * * *

But let us speke of Eneas,
How he betrayed hir, allas!
And lefte hir ful unkyndely.
So whan she saw al-utterly,
That he wolde hir of trouthe faile,
And wende fro hir to Itaile,
She gan to wringe hir hondes two.
'Allas!' quod she, 'what me is wo!
Allas! is every man thus trewe,
That every yere wolde have a newe,
If hit so longe tyme dure,
Or elles three, peraventure?
As thus: of oon he wolde have fame
In magnifying of his name;
Another for frendship, seith he;
And yet ther shal the thridde be,

That shal be taken for delyte,
Lo, or for singular profyte.'
In swiche wordes gan to pleyne
Dido of hir grete peyne,
As me mette[1] redely;
Non other auctour alegge I.
'Allas!' quod she, 'my swete herte,
Have pitee on my sorwes smerte,
And slee me not! go noght away!
O woful Dido, wel-away!'
Quod she to hir-selve tho.

* * * *

'O, welaway that I was born!
For through yow is my name lorn,
And al myn actes red and songe
Over al this lond, on every tonge.
O wikke Fame! for ther nis[2]
Nothing so swift, lo, as she is!
O, soth is, every thing is wist,
Though hit be kevered with the mist.
Eek, thogh I mighte duren ever,
That I have doon, rekever I never,
That I ne shal be seyd, allas,
Y-shamed be through Eneas,
And that I shal thus Iuged be —
"Lo, right as she hath doon, now she
Wol do eftsones, hardily;"
Thus seyth the peple prevely.' —
But that is doon, nis not to done;
Al hir compleynt ne al hir mone,
Certeyn, availeth hir not a stre.[3]
And whan she wiste sothly he
Was forth unto his shippes goon,
She in hir chambre wente anoon,
And called on hir suster Anne,
And gan hir to complayne thanne;

[1] I dreamed [2] is not [3] straw

And seyde, that she cause was
That she first lovede [Eneas],
And thus counselled hir therto.
But what! when this was seyd and do,
She roof hir-selve to the herte,
And deyde through the wounde smerte.
But al the maner how she deyde,
And al the wordes that she seyde,
Who-so to knowe hit hath purpos,
Reed Virgile in Eneidos
Or the Epistle of Ovyde,
What that she wroot or that she dyde;
And nere [1] hit to long to endyte,
By God, I wolde hit here wryte.

* * * *

But to excusen Eneas
Fulliche of al his greet trespas,
The book seyth [how] Mercure, sauns faile,
Bad him go into Itaile,
And leve Auffrykes regioun.
And Dido and hir faire toun.
Tho saw I grave, how to Itaile
Dan Eneas is go to saile;
And how the tempest al began,
And how he loste his steresman,
Which that the stere,[2] or [3] he took keep,
Smot over-bord, lo! as he sleep.
And also saw I how Sibyle
And Eneas, besyde an yle,
To helle wente, for to see
His fader, Anchises the free.
How he ther fond Palinurus,
And Dido, and eek Deiphebus;
And every tourment eek in helle
Saw he, which long is for to telle.
Which who-so willeth for to knowe,

[1] were not [2] helm [3] before

He moste rede many a rowe
On Virgile or on Claudian,
Or Daunte, that hit telle can.
  Tho saw I grave al tharivaile [1]
That Eneas had in Itaile;
And with king Latine his tretee,
And alle the batailles that he
Was at him-self, and eek his knightes,
Or [2] he had al y-wonne his rightes;
And how he Turnus refte his lyf,
And wan Lavyna to his wyf;
And al the mervelous signals
Of the goddes celestials;
How, maugre Iuno, Eneas,
For al hir sleight and hir compas,
Acheved al his aventure;
For Iupiter took of him cure
At the prayer of Venus;
The whiche I preye alway save us,
And us ay of our sorwes lighte!

— *Geoffrey Chaucer* [1340?–1400]

[1] the arrival [2] before

From THE FAERIE QUEENE

[*Book III, Canto IX*]

'BEHOLD, Sir, how your pitifull complaint
Hath fownd another partner of your payne;
For nothing may impresse so deare constraint
As countries cause, and commune foes disdayne.
But if it should not grieve you backe agayne
To turne your course, I would to heare desyre
What to Æneas fell; sith that men sayne
He was not in the cities wofull fyre
Consum'd, but did him selfe to safety retyre.'

'Anchyses sonne, begott of Venus fayre,'
Said he, 'out of the flames for safegard fled,
And with a remnant did to sea repayre;
Where he through fatall errour long was led
Full many yeares, and weetlesse wandered
From shore to shore emongst the Lybick sandes,
Ere rest he fownd. Much there he suffered,
And many perilles past in forreine landes,
To save his people sad from victours vengefull handes.

'At last in Latium he did arryve,
Where he with cruell warre was entertaind
Of th' inland folke, which sought him backe to drive,
Till he with old Latinus was constraind
To contract wedlock, (so the fates ordaind)
Wedlocke contract in blood, and eke in blood
Accomplished, that many deare complaind:
The rivall slaine, the victour, through the flood
Escaped hardly, hardly praisd his wedlock good.

'Yet, after all, he victour did survive,
And with Latinus did the kingdom part;
But after, when both nations gan to strive
Into their names the title to convart,

His son Iulus did from thence depart
With all the warlike youth of Trojans bloud,
And in Long Alba plast his throne apart;
Where faire it florished and long time stoud,
Till Romulus, renewing it, to Rome remoud.'

— *Edmund Spenser* [*c.* 1552–1599]

From THE PALICE OF HONOUR

SINE out of Troy, I saw the fugitiues,
How that Eneas as Virgill weill discriues,
In countreis seir [1] was be the seyis rage
Bewauit [2] oft, and how that he arriues
With all his flote but danger of thair liues,
And how thay war resset [3] baith man and page
Be quene Dido remanand in Carthage;
And how Eneas sine, as that thay tell,
Went for to seik his father doun in hell.

Ouir Stix the flude I saw Eneas fair,
Quhair Charon was the busteous [4] ferriar,
The fludes four of hell thair micht I se,
The folk in pane, the wayis circulair,
The welterand [5] stone wirk Sisipho mich cair,
And all the plesance of the camp Elise,[6]
Quhair auld Anchises did commoun with Enee,
And schew be line all his successioun,
This ilk Eneas maist famous of renoun.

I saw to goddes mak the sacrifice,
Quhairof the ordour and maner to deuise
War ouir prolixt, and how Eneas syne,
Went to the schip, and eik I saw quhat wise,
All his nauie greit hounger did surprise,
How he in Italie finallie with greit pyne,
Arryuit at the strandis of Lauyne,
And how he faucht weill baith on landis and seyis,
And Turnus slew the king of Rutileis.

— *Gavin Douglas* [1474?–1522]

[1] many [2] driven about [3] received [4] huge [5] rolling [6] Elysian Fields

From POLY-OLBION

[*Book I, ll. 319–336*]

WHEN long-renownéd *Troy* lay spent in hostile fire,
And aged *Priam's* pomp did with her flames expire,
Æneas (taking thence *Ascanius*, his young son,
And his most rev'rend sire, the grave *Anchises*, won
From shoals of slaught'ring Greeks) set out from *Simois'* shores;
And through the *Tyrrhene* Sea, by strength of toiling oars,
Raught *Italy* at last; where King *Latinus* lent
Safe harbour for his ships, with wrackful tempests rent:
When, in the Latin Court, *Lavinia* young and fair
(Her father's only child, and kingdom's only heir)
Upon the Troian lord her liking strongly plac'd,
And languish'd in the fires that her fair breast imbrac'd:
But *Turnus* (at that time) the proud *Rutulian* King,
A suitor to the maid, *Æneas* malicing,
By force of arms attempts his rival to extrude:
But, by the *Teucrian* pow'r courageously subdu'd,
Bright *Cytherea's* son the Latin crown obtain'd;
And dying, in his stead his son *Ascanius* reign'd.

— *Michael Drayton* [1563–1631]

THE CLASSICS IN A NUTSHELL*

(MODERN READER'S LIBRARY)

VERGIL'S ÆNEID

ÆNEAS, with his little boy,
Slid down the fire escape from Troy.
His wife Creusa he forgot,
Although he loved her quite a lot;
She perished in the fire, poor dame!
(He often thought of his old flame.)

From Troy he sailed the raging tide, O!
To Carthage, where he fell for Dido;
Then left her cold and went to Hades,
Came through, and married well, dear ladies.
No one had ever thought him bad,
So nice was he to his old dad.

* From the column "Hit or Miss," *Daily News*, Chicago, August 19, 1919.

L'ÉNÉIDE DE NOS JOURS*

BY the leading of a star
Came Aeneas from afar,
Sailing up the promised stream
To the kingdom of his dream.
Dust was that which had been Troy;
Dido's death had murdered joy;
By the blue Sicilian bay
In his grave Anchises lay.
Years had fled, but faithful still
Flashed the star from hill to hill,
Beck'ning to another home,
Hov'ring o'er the site of Rome.
Peace or battle — who should say? —
In the lap of Fortune lay;
Little recked he what befell,
If he bore his burden well.
So the pilgrimage he made
To receive the accolade;
So, the runes of Fate to spell,
He descended into hell.
Knightly sword and steadfast soul —
Only these could gain the goal;
Self might perish, — if the race
Won and wore the pride of place.

Thus the Mantuan said, and thus
Says Aeneas unto us,
Transubstantiating still
Fickle heart and wayward will.

— *D. A. Slater*

* Reprinted by permission from *Sortes Vergilianae or Vergil and Today*, Oxford, Basil Blackwell, 1922.

THE ÆNEID

II. DIDO

Never was there such a whirlwind of passion as Virgil raised on those African shores, amid those rising citadels and departing sails.

— WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.

— ALEXANDER POPE

DIDO*

THE story you may find in Latin rhymes —
But in this very town I know a woman
Quite up to date, belonging to our times,
And ignorant of wandering Trojan foemen.
Yet she has built about her heart a city,
Greater than Carthage and than Tyre more fair.
Bound by a wall that shuts out human pity,
She waits for an Aeneas unaware.

And he will come, this light insouciant lover,
Blowing his bugles to a rising morrow —
To rend her veil, her wizened mind uncover,
And leave her conquered by life's stinging sorrow.

Dreaming, I see her climb a funeral pyre
And burn her soul to ashes in love's fire.

— *Virginia McCormick*

* *Poetry*, Vol. XXIX, Number II, November, 1926.

From THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN

The Legend of Dido, Queen of Carthage

Incipit Legenda Didonis martiris, Cartaginis regine.

GLORY and honour, Virgil Mantuan,
Be to thy name! and I shal, as I can,
Folow thy lantern, as thou gost biforn,
How Eneas to Dido was forsworn.
In thy Eneid and Naso wol I take
The tenour, and the grete effectes make.
Whan Troye broght was to destruccioun
By Grekes sleight, and namely by Sinoun,
Feyning the hors y-offred to Minerve,
Through which that many a Troyan moste sterve;[1]
And Ector had, after his deeth, appered,
And fyr so wood,[2] it mighte nat be stered,[3]
In al the noble tour of Ilioun,
That of the citee was the cheef dungeoun;
And al the contre was so lowe y-broght,
And Priamus the king fordoon and noght;
And Eneas was charged by Venus
To fleen awey, he took Ascanius,
That was his sone, in his right hand, and fledde;
And on his bakke he bar and with him ledde
His olde fader, cleped Anchises,
And by the weye his wyf Creusa he lees.[4]
And mochel sorwe hadde he in his mynde
Er that he coude his felawshippe fynde.
But, at the laste, whan he had hem founde,
He made him redy in a certein stounde,[5]
And to the see ful faste he gan him hye,
And saileth forth with al his companye
Toward Itaile, as wolde destinee.

[1] perish [2] mad [3] controlled [4] lost [5] time

But of his aventures in the see
Nis nat to purpos for to speke of here,
For hit accordeth nat to my matere.
But, as I seide, of him and of Dido
Shal be my tale, til that I have do.
So longe he sailed in the salte see
Til in Libye unnethe [1] aryved he,
With shippes seven and with no more navye;
And glad was he to londe for to hye,[2]
So was he with the tempest al to-shake.
And whan that he the haven had y-take,
He had a knight, was called Achates;
And him of al his felawshippe he chees
To goon with him, the contre for tespye;
He took with him no more companye.
But forth they goon, and lafte his shippes ryde,
His fere [3] and he, with-outen any gyde.
So longe he walketh in this wildernesse
Til, at the laste, he mette an hunteresse.
A bowe in honde and arwes hadde she,
Her clothes cutted were unto the knee;
But she was yit the fairest creature
That ever was y-formed by nature;
And Eneas and Achates she grette,
And this she to hem spak, whan she hem mette.
'Sawe ye,' quod she, 'as ye han walked wyde,
Any of my sustren walke yow besyde,
With any wilde boor or other beste
That they han hunted to, in this foreste,
Y-tukked up, with arwes in her cas?'
'Nay, soothly, lady,' quod this Eneas;
'But, by thy beaute, as hit thinketh me,
Thou mightest never erthely womman be,
But Phebus suster artow, as I gesse.
And, if so be that thou be a goddesse,
Have mercy on our labour and our wo.'
'I nam no goddes, soothly,' quod she tho;

[1] with difficulty [2] go [3] companion

'For maidens walken in this contree here,
With arwes and with bowe, in this manere.
This is the regne of Libie, ther ye been,
Of which that Dido lady is and queen' —
And shortly tolde him al the occasioun
Why Dido com into that regioun,
Of which as now me lusteth nat to ryme;
Hit nedeth nat; hit ner but los of tyme.
For this is al and som, it was Venus,
His owne moder, that spak with him thus;
And to Cartage she bad he sholde him dighte,
And vanished anoon out of his sighte.
I coude folwe, word for word, Virgyle,
But it wolde lasten al to long a whyle.
This noble queen, that cleped was Dido,
That whylom was the wyf of Sitheo,
That fairer was then is the brighte sonne,
This noble toun of Cartage hath begonne;
In which she regneth in so greet honour,
That she was holde of alle quenes flour,
Of gentilesse, of fredom, of beautee;
That wel was him that mighte her ones see;
Of kinges and of lordes so desyred,
That al the world her beaute hadde y-fyred;
She stood so wel in every wightes grace.
Whan Eneas was come un-to that place,
Unto the maister-temple of al the toun
Ther Dido was in her devocioun,
Ful prively his wey than hath he nome.[1]
Whan he was in the large temple come,
I can nat seyn if that hit be possible,
But Venus hadde him maked invisible —
Thus seith the book, with-outen any lees.
And whan this Eneas and Achates
Hadden in this temple been over-al,
Than founde they, depeynted on a wal,
How Troye and al the lond destroyed was.

[1] taken

'Allas! that I was born,' quod Eneas,
'Through-out the world our shame is kid [1] so wyde,
Now it is peynted upon every syde!
We, that weren in prosperitee,
Be now disslaundred, and in swich degre,
Ne lenger for to liven I ne kepe!' [2]
And, with that worde, he brast out for to wepe
So tendrely, that routhe hit was to sene.
This fresshe lady, of the citee quene,
Stood in the temple, in her estat royal,
So richely, and eek so fair withal,
So yong, so lusty, with her eyen glade,
That, if that god, that heven and erthe made,
Wolde han a love, for beaute and goodnesse,
And womanhod, and trouthe, and seemlinesse,
Whom sholde he loven but this lady swete?
There nis no womman to him half so mete.
  Fortune, that hath the world in governaunce,
Hath sodeinly broght in so newe a chaunce,
That never was ther yit so fremd [3] a cas.
For al the companye of Eneas,
Which that he wende han loren [4] in the see,
Aryved is, nat fer from that citee;
For which, the grettest of his lordes some
By aventure ben to the citee come,
Unto that same temple, for to seke
The quene, and of her socour her beseke;
Swich renoun was ther spronge of her goodnesse.
And, whan they hadden told al hir distresse,
And al hir tempest and hir harde cas,
Unto the quene appered Eneas,
And openly beknew that hit was he.
Who hadde Ioye than but his meynee,
That hadden founde hir lord, hir governour?
  The quene saw they dide him swich honour,
And had herd ofte of Eneas, er tho,[5]
And in her herte she hadde routhe and wo

[1] made known [2] care [3] strange [4] thought to have lost [5] before that

That ever swich a noble man as he
Shal been disherited in swich degrèe;
And saw the man, that he was lyk a knight,
And suffisaunt of persone and of might,
And lyk to been a veray gentil man;
And wel his wordes he besette can,
And had a noble visage for the nones,
And formed wel of braunes and of bones.
For, after Venus, hadde he swich fairnesse,
That no man might be half so fair, I gesse.
And wel a lord he semed for to be.
And, for he was a straunger, somwhat she
Lyked him the bet, as, god do bote,
To som folk ofte newe thing is swote.
Anoon her herte hath pitee of his wo,
And, with that pitee, love com in also;
And thus, for pitee and for gentilesse,
Refresshed moste he been of his distresse.
She seide, certes, that she sory was
That he hath had swich peril and swich cas;
And, in her frendly speche, in this manere
She to him spak, and seide as ye may here.
'Be ye nat Venus sone and Anchises?
In good feith, al the worship and encrees
That I may goodly doon yow, ye shul have.
Your shippes and your meynee shal I save;'
And many a gentil word she spak him to;
And comaunded her messageres go
The same day, with-outen any faile,
His shippes for to seke, and hem vitaile.
She many a beste to the shippes sente,
And with the wyn she gan him to presente;
And to her royal paleys she her spedde,
And Eneas alwey with her she ledde.
What nedeth yow the feste to descryve?
He never beter at ese was his lyve.
Ful was the feste of deyntees and richesse,
Of instruments, of song, and of gladnesse,

And many an amorous loking and devys.
This Eneas is come to Paradys
Out of the swolow of helle, and thus in Ioye
Remembreth him of his estat in Troye.
To dauncing-chambres ful of paraments,
Of riche beddes, and of ornaments,
This Eneas is lad, after the mete.
And with the quene whan that he had sete,
And spices parted, and the wyn agoon,
Unto his chambres was he lad anoon
To take his ese and for to have his reste.
With al his folk, to doon what so hem leste.
Ther nas coursere wel y-bridled noon,
Ne stede, for the Iusting wel to goon,
Ne large palfrey, esy for the nones,
Ne Iuwel, fretted ful of riche stones,
Ne sakkes ful of gold, of large wighte,
Ne ruby noon, that shynede by nighte,
Ne gentil hautein faucon heronere,
Ne hound, for hert or wilde boor or dere,
Ne coupe of gold, with florins newe y-bete,
That in the lond of Libie may be gete,
That Dido ne hath hit Eneas y-sent;
And al is payed, what that he hath spent.
Thus can this noble quene her gestes calle,
As she that can in fredom [1] passen alle.
Eneas sothly eek, with-outen lees,
Hath sent un-to his shippe, by Achates,
After his sone, and after riche thinges,
Both ceptre, clothes, broches, and eek ringes,
Som for to were, and som for to presente
To her, that all thise noble thinges him sente;
And bad his sone, how that he sholde make
The presenting, and to the quene hit take.
Repaired is this Achates again,
And Eneas ful blisful is and fain
To seen his yonge sone Ascanius.

[1] generosity

But natheles, our autour telleth us,
That Cupido, that is the god of love,
At preyere of his moder, hye above,
Hadde the lyknes of the child y-take,
This noble quene enamoured to make
On Eneas; but, as of that scripture,
Be as be may, I make of hit no cure.[1]
But sooth is this, the quene hath mad swich chere
Un-to this child, that wonder is to here;
And of the present that his fader sente
She thanked him ful ofte, in good entente.
Thus is this quene in plesaunce and in Ioye,
With al this newe lusty folk of Troye.
And of the dedes hath she more enquered
Of Eneas, and al the story lered
Of Troye; and al the longe day they tweye
Entendeden to speken and to pleye;
Of which ther gan to breden swich a fyr,
That sely [2] Dido hath now swich desyr
With Eneas, her newe gest, to dele,
That she hath lost her hew, and eek her hele.[3]
Now to theffect, now to the fruit of al,
Why I have told this story, and tellen shal.
Thus I beginne; hit fil, upon a night,
When that the mone up-reysed had her light,
This noble quene un-to her reste wente;
She syketh [4] sore, and gan her-self turmente.
She waketh, walweth,[5] maketh many a brayd,[6]
As doon thise loveres, as I have herd sayd.
And at the laste, unto her suster Anne
She made her moon, and right thus spak she thanne.
'Now, dere suster myn, what may hit be
That me agasteth in my dreme?' quod she.
'This ilke Troyan is so in my thoght,
For that me thinketh he is so wel y-wroght,
And eek so lykly for to be a man,
And therwithal so mikel good he can,

[1] I pay no heed to it [2] innocent [3] health [4] sigheth [5] tosseth [6] start

That al my love and lyf lyth in his cure.
Have ye not herd him telle his aventure?
Now certes, Anne, if that ye rede [1] hit me,
I wolde fain to him y-wedded be;
This is theffect; what sholde I more seye?
In him lyth al, to do me live or deye.'
Her suster Anne, as she that coude [2] her good,
Seide as her thoughte, and somdel hit with-stood.
But her-of was so long a sermoning,
Hit wer to long to make rehersing;
But fynally, hit may not been with-stonde;
Love wol love — for no wight wol hit wonde.[3]
The dawening up-rist out of the see;
This amorous quene chargeth her meynee
The nettes dresse, and speres brode and kene;
An hunting wol this lusty fresshe quene;
So priketh her this newe Ioly wo.
To hors is al her lusty folk y-go;
Un-to the court the houndes been y-broght,
And up-on coursers, swift as any thoght,
Hir yonge knightes hoven al aboute,
And of her wommen eek an huge route.
Up-on a thikke palfrey, paper-whyt,
With sadel rede, embrouded with delyt,
Of gold the barres up-enbossed hye,
Sit Dido, al in gold and perre [4] wrye; [5]
And she is fair, as is the brighte morwe,
That heleth seke folk of nightes sorwe.
Up-on a courser, startling as the fyr,
Men mighte turne him with a litel wyr,
Sit Eneas, lyk Phebus to devyse;
So was he fresshe arayed in his wyse.
The fomy brydel with the bit of gold
Governeth he, right as him-self hath wold.
And forth this noble quene thus lat I ryde
An hunting, with this Troyan by her syde.
The herd of hertes founden is anoon,

[1] advise [2] knew [3] desist [4] jewelry [5] covered

With 'hey! go bet! prik thou! lat goon, lat goon!
Why nil the leoun comen or the bère,
That I mighte ones mete him with this spere?'
Thus seyn thise yonge folk, and up they kille
These hertes wilde, and han hem at hir wille.
  Among al this to-romblen gan the heven,
The thunder rored with a grisly steven; [1]
Doun com the rain, with hail and sleet so faste,
With hevenes fyr, that hit so sore agaste
This noble quene, and also her meynee,
That ech of hem was glad a-wey to flee.
And shortly, fro the tempest her to save,
She fledde her-self into a litel cave,
And with her wente this Eneas al-so;
I noot,[2] with hem if ther wente any mo;
The autour maketh of hit no mencioun.
And heer began the depe affeccioun
Betwix hem two; this was the firste morwe
Of her gladnesse, and ginning of her sorwe.
For ther hath Eneas y-kneled so,
And told her al his herte, and al his wo,
And sworn so depe, to her to be trewe,
For wele or wo, and chaunge for no newe,
And as a fals lover so wel can pleyne,
That sely Dido rewed [3] on his peyne
And tok him for husband, to been his wyf
For ever-mo, whyl that hem laste lyf.
And after this, whan that the tempest stente,
With mirth out as they comen, hoom they wente.
  The wikked fame up roos, and that anon,
How Eneas hath with the quene y-gon
In-to the cave; and demed as hem liste;
And whan the king, that Yarbas hight, hit wiste,
As he that had her loved ever his lyf,
And wowed her, to have her to his wyf,
Swich sorwe as he hath maked, and swich chere,[4]
Hit is a routhe and pite for to here.

[1] voice [2] know not [3] had pity [4] appearance

But, as in love, al-day hit happeth so,
That oon shal laughen at anothers wo;
Now laugheth Eneas, and is in Ioye
And more richesse than ever was in Troye.
O sely womman, ful of innocence,
Ful of pitee, of trouthe, and conscience,
What maked yow to men to trusten so?
Have ye swich routhe upon hir feined wo,
And han swich olde ensamples yow beforn?
See ye nat alle, how they been for-sworn?
Wher see ye oon, that he ne hath laft his leef,[1]
Or been unkynde, or doon her som mischeef,
Or pilled[2] her, or bosted of his dede?
Ye may as wel hit seen, as ye may rede;
Tak heed now of this grete gentil-man,
This Troyan, that so wel her plesen can,
That feineth him so trewe and obeising,
So gentil and so privy of his doing,
And can so wel doon alle his obeisaunces,
And waiten her at festes and at daunces,
And when she goth to temple and hoom ageyn,
And fasten til he hath his lady seyn,
And bere in his devyses, for her sake,
Noot I nat what; and songes wolde he make,
Iusten, and doon of armes many thinges,
Sende her lettres, tokens, broches, ringes —
Now herkneth, how he shal his lady serve!
Ther-as he was in peril for to sterve[3]
For hunger, and for mischeef in the see,
And desolat, and fled from his contree,
And al his folk with tempest al to-driven,
She hath her body and eek her reame[4] yiven
In-to his hond, ther-as she mighte have been
Of other lond than of Cartage a queen,
And lived in Ioye y-nogh; what wolde ye more?
This Eneas, that hath so depe y-swore,
Is wery of his craft with-in a throwe;

[1] love [2] robbed [3] die [4] realm

The hote ernest is al over-blowe.
And prively he doth his shippes dighte,
And shapeth him to stele a-wey by nighte.
  This Dido hath suspecioun of this,
And thoughte wel, that hit was al a-mis;
For in his bedde he lyth a-night and syketh;
She asketh him anoon, what him mislyketh —
'My dere herte, which that I love most?'
  'Certes,' quod he, 'this night my fadres gost
Hath in my sleep so sore me tormented,
And eek Mercurie his message hath presented,
That nedes to the conquest of Itaile
My destinee is sone for to saile;
For which, me thinketh, brosten is myn herte!'
Ther-with his false teres out they sterte;
And taketh her with-in his armes two.
  'Is that in ernest,' quod she; 'wil ye so?
Have ye nat sworn to wyve me to take,
Alas! what womman wil ye of me make?
I am a gentil-woman and a queen,
Ye wil nat fro your wyf thus foule fleen?
That I was born! allas! what shal I do?'
  To telle in short, this noble queen Dido,
She seketh halwes,[1] and doth sacrifyse;
She kneleth, cryeth, that routhe is to devyse;
Coniureth him, and profreth him to be
His thral, his servant in the leste gree;
She falleth him to foot, and swowneth there
Dischevele, with her brighte gilte here,
And seith, 'have mercy! let me wi.h yow ryde!
Thise lordes, which that wonen[2] me besyde
Wil me destroyen only for your sake.
And, so ye wil me now to wyve take,
As ye han sworn, than wol I yive yow leve
To sleen me with your swerd now sone at eve!
For than yit shal I dyen as your wyf.

* * * *

[1] shrines [2] live

Mercy, lord! have pite in your thoght!'
But al this thing availeth her right noght;
For on a night, slepinge, he let her lye,
And stal a-wey un-to his companye,
And, as a traitour, forth he gan to saile
Toward the large contre of Itaile.
Thus hath he laft Dido in wo and pyne;
And wedded ther a lady hight Lavyne.
A cloth he lafte, and eek his swerd stonding,
Whan he fro Dido stal in her sleping,
Right at her beddes heed, so gan he hye
Whan that he stal a-wey to his navye;
Which cloth, whan sely Dido gan awake,
She hath hit kist ful ofte for his sake;
And seide, 'O cloth, whyl Iupiter hit leste,[1]
Tak now my soule, unbind me of this unreste!
I have fulfild of fortune al the cours.'
And thus, allas! with-outen his socours,
Twenty tyme y-swowned hath she thanne.
And, whan that she un-to her suster Anne
Compleyned had, of which I may nat wryte —
So greet a routhe I have hit for tendyte[2] —
And bad her norice and her suster goon
To fecchen fyr and other thing anoon,
And seide, that she wolde sacrifye.
And, whan she mighte her tyme wel espye,
Up-on the fyr of sacrifys she sterte,
And with his swerd she rof[3] her to the herte.
But, as myn autour seith, right thus she seyde;
Or she was hurt, before that she deyde,
She wroot a lettre anoon, that thus began: —
'Right so,' quod she, 'as that the whyte swan
Ayeins his deeth beginneth for to singe,
Right so to yow make I my compleyninge.
Nat that I trowe to geten yow again,
For wel I woot that it is al in vain,
Sin that the goddes been contraire to me.

[1] may please [2] to indite [3] pierced

But sin my name is lost through yow,' quod she,
'I may wel lese a word on yow, or letter,
Al-be-it that I shal be never the better;
For thilke wind that blew your ship a-wey,
The same wind hath blowe a-wey your fey.' [1] —
But who wol al this letter have in mynde,
Rede Ovide, and in him he shal hit fynde.

Explicit Legenda Didonis martiris, Cartaginis regine.

— *Geoffrey Chaucer* [1340?–1400]

[1] faith

From CONFESSIO AMANTIS

[*Book IV, ll. 77–142*]

AYEIN Lachesce in loves cas
I finde how whilom Eneas,
Whom Anchises to Sone hadde,
With gret navie, which he ladde
From Troie, aryveth at Cartage,
Wher for a while his herbergage
He tok; and it betidde so,
With hire which was qweene tho
Of the Cite his aqueintance
He wan, whos name in remembrance
Is yit, and Dido sche was hote; [1]
Which loveth Eneas so hote [2]
Upon the wordes whiche he seide,
That al hire herte on him sche leide
And dede al holi what he wolde.
Bot after that, as it be scholde,
Fro thenne he goth toward Ytaile
Be Schipe, and there his arivaile
Hath take, and schop him forto ryde.
Bot sche, which mai noght longe abide
The hote peine of loves throwe,
Anon withinne a litel throwe,
A lettre unto hir kniht hath write,
And dede him pleinly forto wite,
If he made eny tariinge,
To drecche [3] of his ayeincomynge, [4]
That sche ne mihte him fiele and se,
Sche scholde stonde in such degre
As whilom stod a Swan tofore,
Of that sche hadde hire make lore;
For sorwe a fethere into hire brain
She schof and hath hireselve slain;

[1] named [2] hotly [3] delay [4] return

As king Menander in a lay
The sothe hath founde, wher 'sche lay
Sprantlende with hire wynges tweie,
As sche which scholde thanne deie
For love of him which was hire make.
'And so schal I do for thi sake,'
This qweene seide, 'wel I wot.'
Lo, to Enee thus sche wrot
With many an other word of pleinte:
Bot he, which hadde hise thoghtes feinte
Towardes love and full of Slowthe,
His time lette, and that was rowthe:
For sche, which loveth him tofore,
Desireth evere more and more,
And whan sche sih him tarie so,
Hire herte was so full of wo,
That compleignende manyfold
Sche hath hire oghne tale told,
Unto hirself and this sche spak:
'Ha, who fond evere such a lak
Of Slowthe in eny worthi kniht?
Now wot I wel my deth is diht
Thurgh him which scholde have be mi lif.'
Bot forto stinten al this strif,
Thus whan sche sih non other bote,[1]
Riht evene unto hire herte rote
A naked swerd anon sche threste,
And thus sche gat hireselve reste
In remembrance of alle slowe.
Wherof, my Sone, thou miht knowe
How tariinge upon the nede
In loves cause is forto drede;
And that hath Dido sore aboght,
Whos deth schal evere be bethoght.

— *John Gower* [*d.* 1408]

[1] remedy

From THE FALL OF PRINCES

[*Book II, ll. 2149–2170*]

TOUCHYNG Dido lat ther be no striff:
Thouh that she be accused off Ouide,[1]
Afftir Bochas I wrot hir chaste liff,
And the contrary I haue set a-side;
For me thouhte it was bet [2] tabide [3]
On hir goodnesse, than thyng reherse in deede,
Which myhte resowne ageyn hir wommanheede.

To Eneas thouh she was fauourable,
To Ytaile makyng his passage,
Al that she dede, it was comendable,
Hym to receyue comyng be Cartage;
Thouh sum folk wern large off ther language,
Amysse texpowne [4] be report, or texpresse [5]
Thyng doon to hym onli off gentilesse.

Ther shal for me be maad no rehersaile
But as I fynde wretyn in Bochas;
For to sey weel may moche more auaile
Than froward speche, in many dyuers cas.
But al Cartage offte seide alas,
Hir deth compleynyng thoruhout ther cite,
Which slouh hirselff tobserue [6] hir chastite.*

— *John Lydgate* [*c.* 1370–*c.* 1451]

[1] Ovid [2] better [3] to dwell [4] to explain [5] to express [6] to observe

* These are the closing stanzas of a passage (Book II, ll. 1898–2170) in which Lydgate tells of Dido's flight from Tyre, her building of Carthage, her vow of chastity, the determined wooing of her by a neighboring king, her resolve to die, her death by knife and funeral pyre. This alternative version of Dido's death is told by Boccaccio (Bochas). Cf. also Turbervile, *Of Dido and the Truth of Her Death*, a translation of Ausonius, Epigram 118.7. Yet Lydgate elsewhere speaks of Æneas's desertion of Dido. Cf. *Fall of Princes*, Book II, ll. 986–987:

Remembryng also thunkyndli gret outrage
Be Eneas doon to Dido off Cartage;

and Book V, ll. 2621–2623:

Dido the firste that bilte that cite
And made touris & the stronge wall,
Which was betrasshed falsly of Enee.

From THE TRAGEDIE OF DIDO, QUEENE OF CARTHAGE

[*Act V, ll. 1704–1725*]

Dido. Now *Dido*, with these reliques burne thy selfe,
And make *Æneas* famous through the world,
For periurie and slaughter of a Queene:
Here lye the Sword that in the darksome Caue
He drew, and swore by, to be true to me:
Thou shalt burne first, thy crime is worse then his:
Here lye the garment which I cloath'd him in
When first he came on shoare: perish thou to[o].
These letters, lines, and periurd papers all,
Shall burne to cinders in this pretious flame.
And now ye Gods, that guide the starrie frame,
And order all things at your high dispose,
Graunt, though the traytors land in *Italy*,
They may be still tormented with vnrest,
And from mine ashes, let a Conquerour rise,
That may reuenge this treason to a Queene,
By plowing vp his Countries with the Sword.
Betwixt this land and that be never league,
Littora littoribus contraria, fluctibus vndas
Imprecor: arma armis: pugnent ipsiq. nepotes:
Liue, false *Æneas!* truest *Dido* dyes;
Sic, sic iuvat ire sub vmbras.

[*Stabs herself and throws herself into the flames.*]

—*Christopher Marlowe* [1564–1593]
—*Thomas Nashe* [1567–1601]

From THE HEART FLED AGAIN

FALSE, foolish *Heart!* didst thou not say,
That thou wouldst never leave me more?
Behold again 'tis fled away,
Fled as far from me as before.
I strove to bring it back again,
I cry'd and hollow'd after it in vain.

Even so the gentle *Tyrian Dame*,
When neither *Grief* nor *Love* prevail,
Saw the dear object of her flame,
Th' ingrateful *Trojan* hoist his sail:
Aloud she call'd to him to stay;
The wind bore *him*, and her lost *words* away.

— *Abraham Cowley* [1618–1667]

SCHOLASTICUS*

HE rose, smoothed flat his notes, tweaked the desk-light,
Thrust a curt nod at us:
And his assault on Vergil that wild night,
Good friends, was — ominous.

'Anchises' son — poltroon and rake, in short.
Pius? — a sad misnomer!
The author too a flatterer of the court,
And a crude thief (from Homer).

'The pith in Dido's passion (strangely human),
The stress on jewels and flowers,
But proved the poet some voluptuous woman
(Still clever after hours)! . . .'

Well, well . . . And yet we dropped our jibes with years:
He'd been but pert and green.
He prospered with us (grades, committees, shears,
Syntax, and such routine) . . .

Of late he probed a man who'd lost his wife,
To put his grief to school:
A fool at letters is a fool at life —
But life most feels him fool.

— *William Ellery Leonard*

* From *A Son of Earth*, New York, The Viking Press, 1928.

THE ÆNEID

III. THE FALL OF TROY

Or the tale of Troy divine.

—JOHN MILTON

From HAMLET

[*Act II, Sc. 2, ll. 463–551*]

Hamlet. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million. . . . One speech in it I chiefly loved; 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line: let me see, let me see: —

'The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast, —'

'Tis not so, it begins with Pyrrhus: —

'The rugged Pyrrhus, he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now he is total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To their vile murders: roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.'

[So proceed you.]

Polonius. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent and good discretion.

First Player. 'Anon, he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command. Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,

Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And howl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!'

Polonius. This is too long.

Hamlet. It shall to the barber's, with your beard. Prithee say on: he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps. Say on; come to Hecuba.

First Player. 'But who, O! who had seen the mobled queen —'

Hamlet. 'The mobled queen?' —

Polonius. That's good; 'mobled queen' is good.

First Player. 'Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames
With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,

'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made —
Unless things mortal move them not at all —
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.'

Polonius. Look! wh'er he has not turned his colour and has tears in 's eyes. Prithee, no more.*

— *William Shakespeare* [1564–1616]

* 'The passage inserted here should be compared with Marlowe and Nash's *Dido, Queen of Carthage* (1594), II. l. 214ff. It is a matter of critical dispute whether Shakespeare intended this passage as burlesque or whether he selected deliberately the earlier turgid romantic style to contrast with his more realistic dramatic method in this scene. The latter seems the more probable.' (*The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, edited by Jack Randall Crawford, "The Yale Shakespeare," Yale University Press, 1917, p. 163.)

From THE TALE OF TROY

AND now this wasteful war that lasted long,
To dames of Troy and Greece a tedious wrong,
With hot encounter and unhappy fight,
The tragic end of many a hardy knight,
Gan sort to this, that Greeks, to blear the eyes
Of Troyans, gin take counsel and advice
To rear by art a huge unwieldy frame,
Much like a horse; and having fraught the same
With men of war, they make a cunning show,
As if from Troy they homewards meant to go,
And raise the siege, and leave the prize behind,
But gods do know they nothing less did mind;
For, as I ween, my history doth say,
To Tenedos the Grecians slunk away,
An isle that gave them harbour and abode:
Now leave we there these Greeks to lie at road.
Amidst this hurly-burly and uproar,
King Priam sends away young Polydore,
With store of treasure and with mickle muck
His youngest son, to Thrace: but little luck
Ensu'd hereof; for Polymnestor, lo,
The thirst of Priam's pillage working so,
A woful tale, as I have heard it told,
Murthers this prince for lucre of his gold.
The traitorous Sinon, for his villany
Th' infamous author of Troy's tragedy,
While subtle Grecians lurk'd in Tenedos,
Gan with the silly Troyans highly glose,
And tell a tale that sounded like a truth,
A tale that mov'd the hearers' hearts to ruth;
And so bewitch'd King Priam and his court,
That now at last, to Troyans' fatal hurt,
Instead of that might most their states advance,
They greed to hoise this engine of mischance,

And make a breach, like fools, and never lin
Till their own hands had pull'd their enemies in.
Thus riot, rape, and vain credulity,
Bin nam'd chief causes of Troy's tragedy.
This monstrous horse, that in his spacious sides
A traitorous troop of armed Grecians hides,
Gan now discharge his vast and hideous load,
And spread his bloody bowels all abroad.
It was the time when midnight's sleep and rest
With quiet pause the town of Troy possess'd;
The Greeks forsake their ships and make return:
Now Troy, as was foretold, began to burn,
And Ilium's lofty towers to smoke apace;
The conquering foe begins amain to chase
Th' affrighted Phrygians, that now unawares
False Sinon had entrapped in his snares.
Ah, what a piercing sight it was to see
So fair a town as Troy was said to be,
By quenchless fire laid level with the soil,
The prince and people made the soldiers' spoil!
Th' unhappy Priam maz'd with frights and fears,
Seeing his palace flame about his ears,
Out of his wretched slumber hastily start,
And, weening to have play'd a young man's part,
Girds-to his arming-sword with trembling hand;
But she that erst brought forth the fatal brand
That fir'd the town, the most unhappy queen,
Whose like for wretchedness was never seen,
Said, "Leave, my lord; becomes not us to strive,
Whom would no morning sun might see alive!
And fly from aid of men to powers divine,
And so with me lay hold of Phoebus' shrine."
But he, whose bloody mind and murdering rage
Nor awe of gods nor reverence of age
Could temper from a deed so tyrannous,
Achilles' son, the fierce unbridled Pyrrhus,
His father's angry ghost enticing him,
With slaughtering hand, with visage pale and grim,

Hath hent this aged Priam by the hair,
Like butcher bent to slay; and even there,
The man that lived so many golden years,
The great commander of such lordly peers,
The King of Troy, the mighty King of Troy,
With cruel iron this cursed Greekish boy
Rids of his life, as whilom he had done
With shaft envenom'd Paris, old Priam's son.
Thus souls by swarms do press to Pluto's hall;
Thus, naked Troy, or now not Troy at all,
Done is thy pride, dim is thy glorious gite,
Slain is thy prince in this unhappy fight.

* * * *

Short tale to make, when thus the town of Troy
The Greeks had sack'd, to Asia's great annoy,
When Pyrrhus had the guilty Paris slain,
Lo, now at last the Greeks have home again,
With loss of many a Greek and Troyan's life,
Their wither'd flower, King Menelaus' wife.
The good Æneas, whom the gods beleek
Reserv'd some better future hap to seek,
With old Anchises, leaves this conquer'd town,
And, on the seas y-tossed up and down,
Arrives at Lavine land, when he had seen
The bounty of the famous Carthage queen,
Who, forc'd by fate, this wandering knight deceiv'd,
That him and his so royally receiv'd.

— *George Peele* [1558–*c.*1598]

From THE IRON AGE

[*Part II, Act II*]

Ghost of Hector. Hence *Æneas* post from *Troy*,
Reare that abroad the gods at home destroy.
The Citty burnes, *Priam* and *Priams* glory
Is all expir'd, and tumbled headlong downe:
Cassandraes long neglected prophesies
This night fulfils. If either strength or might
Could have protected *Troy*, this hand, this arme
That sau'd it oft, had kept it still from harme.
But *Troy* is doom'd, here gins the fatall Story
Of her sad sacke and fall of all her glory.
Away, and beare thy Country gods along,
Thousands shall issue from thy sacred seede,
Citties more rich then this the Grecian spoyle,
In after times shall thy successors build,
Where *Hectors* name shall liue eternally.
One *Romulus*, another *Bruite* shall reare,
These shall nor Honours, nor iust Rectors want,
Lumbardies *Roome*, great Britaines *Troy-nouant*.
Heu fuge nate Dea; teque his pater eripe flammis;
Hostis habet muros, ruit alto a culmine Troia
Sacra, suosque tibi commendat Troia penates.
Hos cape fatorum comites, his moenia quaere,
*Magna pererrato statues quae denique ponto.**

— *Thomas Heywood* [*d. c.* 1650]

* Cf. *Æneid* II. ll. 289–295.

THE ÆNEID

IV. ECHOES OF THE MANTUAN SONG

Out of one Hercules were made an infinity
of pigmies, yet all endued with human souls.

—JOHN DRYDEN

From THE HOUS OF FAME

[*Book III, ll. 266–302*]

BUT in this riche lusty place,
That Fames halle called was,
Ful moche prees of folk ther nas,[1]
Ne crouding, for to mochil prees.
But al on hye, above a dees,
Sitte in a see imperial,
That maad was of a rubee al,
Which that a carbuncle is y-called,
I saugh, perpetually y-stalled,
A feminyne creature;
That never formed by nature
Nas swich another thing y-seye.
For altherfirst, soth for to seye,
Me thoughte that she was so lyte,
That the lengthe of a cubyte
Was lenger than she semed be;
But thus sone, in a whyle, she
Hir tho so wonderliche streighte,[2]
That with hir feet she erthe reighte,[3]
And with hir heed she touched hevene,
Ther as shynen sterres sevene.
And therto eek, as to my wit,
I saugh a gretter wonder yit,
Upon her eyen to beholde;
But certeyn I hem never tolde;[4]
For as fele[5] eyen hadde she
As fetheres upon foules be,
Or weren on the bestes foure,
That Goddes trone[6] gunne honoure,
As Iohn writ in thapocalips.
Hir here, that oundy[7] was and crips,

[1] was not [2] stretched [3] reached [4] counted [5] many [6] throne [7] curly

As burned gold hit shoon to see.
And soth to tellen, also she
Had also fele up-stondyng eres
And tonges, as on bestes heres;
And on hir feet wexen,[1] saugh I,
Partriches winges redely.

— *Geoffrey Chaucer* [1340?–1400]

[1] grew

From HUDIBRAS

[*Part II, Canto I*]

THERE is a tall long-sided Dame,
(But wondrous light) ycleped *Fame*,
That like a thin *Camelion* Bourds
Herself on Air, and eats her words:
Upon her shoulders wings she wears,
Like Hanging-sleeves, lin'd through with Ears,
And Eies, and Tongues, as Poets list,
Made good by deep *Mythologist*.
With these, she through the Welkin flies,
And sometimes carries *Truth*, oft *Lies*.

— *Samuel Butler* [1612–1680]

LAODAMIA

'WITH sacrifice before the rising morn
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;
And from the infernal Gods, 'mid shades forlorn
Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I required:
Celestial pity I again implore; —
Restore him to my sight — great Jove, restore!'

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts her hands;
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens — and her eye expands;
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived? — O joy!
What doth she look on? — whom doth she behold?
Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence? his corporeal mould?
It is — if sense deceive her not — 'tis He!
And a God leads him, winged Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with his wand
That calms all fear; 'Such grace hath crowned thy prayer,
Laodamia! that at Jove's command
Thy Husband walks the paths of upper air:
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space;
Accept the gift, behold him face to face!'

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her Lord to clasp;
Again that consummation she essayed;
But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The Phantom parts — but parts to re-unite,
And re-assume his place before her sight.

'Protesilaus, lo! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:
This is our palace, — yonder is thy throne;
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.
Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
This precious boon; and blest a sad abode.'

'Great Jove, Laodamia! doth not leave
His gifts imperfect: — Spectre though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
But in reward of thy fidelity.
And something also did my worth obtain;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

'Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
Should die; but me the threat could not withhold:
A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;
A self-devoted chief — by Hector slain.'

'Supreme of Heroes — bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
Thou found'st — and I forgive thee — here thou art —
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

'But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed
Thou should'st elude the malice of the grave:
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

'No Spectre greets me, — no vain Shadow this;
Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my side!
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss

To me, this day, a second time thy bride!'
Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious Parcæ threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

'This visage tells thee that my doom is past:
Nor should the change be mourned, even if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys
Those raptures duly — Erebus disdains:
Calm pleasures there abide — majestic pains.

'Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control
Rebellious passion: for the Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.
Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn —'

'Ah, wherefore? — Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian Monster of the tomb
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

'The Gods to us are merciful — and they
Yet further may relent: for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast.

'But if thou goest, I follow —' 'Peace!' he said, —
She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered;
The ghastly colour from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away — no strife to heal —
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous — imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue. — 'Ill,' said he,
'The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,
While tears were thy best pastime, day and night;

'And while my youthful peers before my eyes
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports, — or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detained;
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

'The wished-for wind was given: — I then revolved
The oracle, upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand, —
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

'Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,

And on the joys we shared in mortal life, —
The paths which we had trod — these fountains, flowers,
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

'But should suspense permit the Foe to cry,
"Behold they tremble! — haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die?"
In soul I swept the indignity away:
Old frailties then recurred: — but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

'And Thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest re-union in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sympathised;
Be thy affections raised and solemnised.

'Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend —
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;
For this the passion to excess was driven —
That self might be annulled: her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love.' —

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes reappears!
Round the dear Shade she would have clung — 'tis vain:
The hours are past — too brief had they been years;
And him no mortal effort can detain:
Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly day,
He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse She lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,
She perished; and, as for a wilful crime,
By the just Gods whom no weak pity moved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,
Apart from happy Ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

— Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes. — Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she died;
And ever, when such stature they had gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight;
A constant interchange of growth and blight! *

— *William Wordsworth* [1770–1850]

* 'The idea that underlies the poem is the same conception of "pietas" which Virgil has embodied in the *Æneid*, and with which he has associated, especially in the sixth book, which Wordsworth in many passages recalls, great ethical and religious conceptions, derived in the main from the philosophy of Plato. . . . The poem is thus notable, not so much for the assimilation of details, as for natural affinity to the spirituality of antiquity, of which Virgil is the purest exponent. Virgil's seriousness, his tenderness, his conception of the inevitable, and yet moral, order of the world, his desire for purification, his sadness, and yet complete freedom from unmanliness, his love of nature and belief in the sympathy of nature with man — all these are points of contact between the ancient and the modern poet.' (W. A. Heard, quoted in *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth*, edited by William Knight, London, Macmillan and Co., Ltd., 1896, Vol. VI, pp. 10–11.)

THE SONG OF IOPAS, UNFINISHED

WHEN Dido feasted [first] the wand'ring Trojan knight,
Whom Juno's wrath with storms did force in Libic sands to light;
That mighty Atlas taught, the supper lasting long,
With crisped locks on golden harp Iopas sang in song:
'That same,' quod he, 'that we the World do call and name,
Of heaven and earth with all contents, it is the very frame.
Or thus, of heavenly powers by more power kept in one;
Repugnant kinds, in mids of whom the earth hath place alone;
Firm, round, of living things the mother, place, and nurse;
Without the which in equal weight, this heaven doth hold his course:
And it is call'd by name the first and moving heaven.
The firmament is placed next, containing other seven.
Of heavenly powers that same is planted full and thick,
As shining lights which we call stars, that therein cleave and stick:
With great swift sway, the first, and with his restless source,
Carrieth itself, and all those eight, in even continual course.
And of this world so round within that rolling case,
Two points there be that never move, but firmly keep their place:
The one we see alway, the other stands object
Against the same, dividing just the ground by line direct;
Which by imagination drawen from one to t'other
Toucheth the centre of the earth, for way there is none other:
And these be call'd the poles, described by stars not bright:
Arctic the one northward we see: Antarctic the other hight.

The line, that we devise from the one to t'other so,
As axle is; upon the which the heavens about do go;
Which of water nor earth, of air nor fire, have kind;
Therefore the substance of those same were hard for man to find:
But they been uncorrupt, simple, and pure unmixt;
And so we say been all those stars, that in those same be fixt:
And eke those erring seven, in circle as they stray;
So call'd, because against that first they have repugnant way;
And smaller by-ways too, scant sensible to man;
Too busy work for my poor harp; let sing them he that can.
The widest save the first, of all these nine above,
One hundred year doth ask of space, for one degree to move.
Of which degrees we make in the first moving heaven,
Three hundred and threescore, in parts justly divided even.
And yet there is another between those heavens two,
Whose moving is so sly, so slack, I name it not for now.
The seventh heaven or the shell, next to the starry sky;
All those degrees that gathereth up, with aged pace so sly:
And doth perform the same, as elders' count hath been,
In nine and twenty years complete, and days almost sixteen;
Doth carry in his bowt [1] the star of Saturn old,
A threat'ner of all living things with drought and with his cold.
The sixth whom this contains, doth stalk with younger pace,
And in twelve year doth somewhat more than t'other's voyage was:
And this in it doth bear the star of Jove benign,
'Tween Saturn's malice and us men, friendly defending sign.

[1] Circuit or orbit.

The fifth bears bloody Mars, that in three hundred days
And twice eleven with one full year hath finish'd all those ways.
A year doth ask the fourth, and hours thereto six,
And in the same the day his eye, the Sun, therein he sticks.
The third that govern'd is by that that governs me,
And love for love, and for no love provokes, as oft we see,
In like space doth perform that course, that did the other.
So doth the next unto the same, that second is in order:
But it doth bear the star, that call'd is Mercury;
That many a crafty secret step doth tread, as calcars [1] try.
That sky is last, and fix'd next us those ways hath gone,
In seven and twenty common days, and eke the third of one;
And beareth with his sway the divers Moon about;
Now bright, now brown, now bent, now full, and now her light is out:
Thus have they of their own two movings all these Seven;
One, wherein they be carried still, each in his several heaven:
Another of themselves, where their bodies be laid
In by-ways, and in lesser rounds, as I afore have said;
Save of them all the Sun doth stray least from the straight:
The starry sky hath but one course, that we have call'd the eight.
And all these movings eight are meant from west to east;
Although they seem to climb aloft, I say from east to west.
But that is but by force of their first moving sky,
In twice twelve hours from east to east, that carrieth them by and by:
But mark we well also, these movings of these seven
Be not above the axletree of the first moving heaven.
For they have their two poles directly one to the other,' &c.

— *Sir Thomas Wyatt* [1503–1542]

[1] Astrologers.

LACRIMÆ RERUM*

ROSSETTI walked his sorrow to a field,
Lay in the grass, and watched the wood-spurge flower.
The three-cupped wood-spurge: all that earth would yield
Rossetti to remember of that hour.
He lay with grief, as others too have lain
Who must remember strangely other things, —
Things that still keep the contours of their pain,
Whose colors cling longer than sorrow clings.

The tears of things that have not any words,
Deeper than music, stronger than the sea,
And sadder than the flight of homing birds:
Remembered things, outlasting memory.
The shapes of suffering hold, when you and I
And sorrow, and this cause for sorrow, die.

— *Babette Deutsch*

* *The New Republic*, January 26, 1921, p. 255.

CIRCE AND ÆNEAS*

SEAGIRT, by woods encompassed, eyried within gates
That no man opens — nay the unuttered *Who goes there?*
Makes the benighted traveller tremble, half-aware
What flocking maleficences mount upon the fume
Of aromatic logs that secret fires consume —
The solitary enchantress broods and meditates,
Leaning out of the window of her turret-room.

The dusk falls. Weary of singing to herself, she waits.
And, hark, the pitiable chorus, brute on brute,
From cage and sty and manger breaking to salute
The hour of love remembered and the nuptial star.
Surely this evening sets the prison doors ajar,
Surely this evening . . . Bestial rage exacerbates
Within their horrible hides the sense of what they are.

Bear, lion, wolf and hog — she hears with a cold smile
The stupid orchestration ebb and sink absorbed
Into the foliage, into the sea-ripple. A moon big-orbed
Illuminates the Tuscan water . . . 'Who are these?
'And whence the fugitive sail the even southerly breeze
'Would spirit away beyond my luring perilous isle?
'Who thinks to steal a passage thro' Circean seas?'

She loosed an air of magic melody (all the while
Far out the breath of cedar-logs went floating free).
But the long-waited lover that was not to be
Passed like a pilgrim proof against the sweet decoy,
Primed with Avernian revelation, in grave joy,
Smelling the air of Tiber, every moonlit mile
Nearing his promised walls, the second spring of Troy.

— *John Swinnerton Phillimore*

* From the *London Mercury*, Volume 8, p. 127, June, 1923.

THE GEORGICS

The best poem of the best poet.

—JOHN DRYDEN

From CYDER

NOR is it hard to beautify each month
With files of parti-colour'd fruits, that please
The tongue and view at once. So Maro's Muse,
Thrice sacred Muse! commodious precepts gives
Instructive to the swains, not wholly bent
On what is gainful: sometimes she diverts
From solid counsels, shows the force of love
In savage beasts; how virgin face divine
Attracts the helpless youth through storms and waves,
Alone, in deep of night: then she describes
The Scythian winter, nor disdains to sing
How under ground the rude Riphaean race
Mimic brisk Cyder with the brakes' product wild;
Sloes pounded, Hips, and Servis' harshest juice.

— *John Philips* [1676–1708]

PAN AND LUNA

Si credere dignum est. — *Georgic* iii. 390.

O WORTHY of belief I hold it was,
Virgil, your legend in those strange three lines!
No question, that adventure came to pass
One black night in Arcadia: yes, the pines,
Mountains and valleys mingling made one mass
Of black with void black heaven: the earth's confines,
The sky's embrace, — below, above, around,
All hardened into black without a bound.

Fill up a swart stone chalice to the brim
With fresh-squeezed yet fast-thickening poppy-juice:
See how the sluggish jelly, late a-swim,
Turns marble to the touch of who would loose
The solid smooth, grown jet from rim to rim,
By turning round the bowl! So night can fuse
Earth with her all-comprising sky. No less,
Light, the least spark, shows air and emptiness.

And thus it proved when — diving into space,
Stript of all vapour, from each web of mist
Utterly film-free — entered on her race
The naked Moon, full-orbed antagonist
Of night and dark, night's dowry: peak to base,
Upstarted mountains, and each valley, kissed
To sudden life, lay silver-bright: in air
Flew she revealed, Maid-Moon with limbs all bare.

Still as she fled, each depth — where refuge seemed —
Opening a lone pale chamber, left distinct
Those limbs: mid still-retreating blue, she teemed
Herself with whiteness, — virginal, uncinct
By any halo save what finely gleamed
To outline not disguise her: heaven was linked

In one accord with earth to quaff the joy,
Drain beauty to the dregs without alloy.

Whereof she grew aware. What help? When, lo,
A succourable cloud with sleep lay dense:
Some pine-tree-top had caught it sailing slow,
And tethered for a prize: in evidence
Captive lay fleece on fleece of piled-up snow
Drowsily patient: flake-heaped how or whence,
The structure of that succourable cloud,
What matter? Shamed she plunged into its shroud.

Orbed — so the woman-figure poets call
Because of rounds on rounds — that apple-shaped
Head which its hair binds close into a ball
Each side the curving ears — that pure undraped
Pout of the sister paps — that . . . Once for all,
Say — her consummate circle thus escaped
With its innumerous circlets, sank absorbed,
Safe in the cloud — O naked Moon full-orbed!

But what means this? The downy swathes combine,
Conglobe, the smothery coy-caressing stuff
Curdles about her! Vain each twist and twine
Those lithe limbs try, encroached on by a fluff
Fitting as close as fits the dented spine
Its flexile ivory outside-flesh: enough!
The plumy drifts contract, condense, constringe,
Till she is swallowed by the feathery springe.

As when a pearl slips lost in the thin foam
Churned on a sea-shore, and, o'er-frothed, conceits
Herself safe-housed in Amphitrite's dome, —
If, through the bladdery wave-worked yeast, she meets
What most she loathes and leaps from, — elf from gnome
No gladlier, — finds that safest of retreats
Bubble about a treacherous hand wide ope
To grasp her — (divers who pick pearls so grope) —

So lay this Maid-Moon clasped around and caught
By rough red Pan, the god of all that tract:
He it was schemed the snare thus subtly wrought
With simulated earth-breath, — wool-tufts packed
Into a billowy wrappage. Sheep far-sought
For spotless shearings yield such: take the fact
As learned Virgil gives it, — how the breed
Whitens itself for ever: yes, indeed!

If one forefather ram, though pure as chalk
From tinge on fleece, should still display a tongue
Black 'neath the beast's moist palate, prompt men baulk
The propagating plague: he gets no young:
They rather slay him, — sell his hide to caulk
Ships with, first steeped in pitch, — nor hands are wrung
In sorrow for his fate: protected thus,
The purity we love is gained for us.

So did the Girl-Moon, by just her attribute
Of unmatched modesty betrayed, lie trapped,
Bruised to the breast of Pan, half-god half-brute,
Raked by his bristly boar-sward while he lapped
— Never say, kissed her! that were to pollute
Love's language — which moreover proves unapt
To tell how she recoiled — as who finds thorns
Where she sought flowers — when, feeling, she touched — horns!

Then — does the legend say? — first moon-eclipse
Happened, first swooning-fit which puzzled sore
The early sages? Is that why she dips
Into the dark, a minute and no more,
Only so long as serves her while she rips
The cloud's womb through and, faultless as before,
Pursues her way? No lesson for a maid
Left she, a maid herself thus trapped, betrayed?

Ha, Virgil? Tell the rest, you! 'To the deep
Of his domain the wildwood, Pan forthwith

Called her, and so she followed' — in her sleep,
Surely? — 'by no means spurning him.' The myth
Explain who may! Let all else go, I keep
— As of a ruin just a monolith —
This much, one verse of five words, each a boon:
Arcadia, night, a cloud, Pan, and the moon.

— *Robert Browning* [1812–1889]

THE COUNTRY LIFE

To the Honoured M. End. Porter, Groome of the Bedchamber to his Maj.

SWEET country life, to such unknown
Whose lives are others, not their own!
But, serving courts and cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee.
Thou never plow'st the oceans foame,
To seek and bring rough pepper home;
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
To bring from thence the scorched clove;
Nor, with the losse of thy lov'd rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the west.
No, thy ambition's master-piece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece;
Or how to pay thy hinds, and cleere
All scores, and so to end the yeere:
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
Not envying others larger grounds:
For well thou know'st, 'tis not th' extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock, the plow-mans horne,
Calls forth the lilly-wristed morne,
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost goe,
Which though well soyl'd, yet thou dost know
That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise masters feet and hands.
There at the plough thou find'st thy teame,
With a hind whistling there to them,
And cheer'st them up, by singing how
The kingdoms portion is the plow.
This done, then to th' enameld meads
Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,
Thou seest a present God-like power
Imprinted in each herbe and flower,

And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd kine,
Sweet as the blossomes of the vine.
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat,
Unto the dew-laps up in meat;
And, as thou look'st, the wanton steere,
The heifer, cow, and oxe draw neere
To make a pleasing pastime there.
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the wolfe and fox,
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grasse as backs with wool;
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
A shepherd piping on a hill.
For sports, for pagentrie, and playes,
Thou hast thy eves and holydayes;
On which the young men and maids meet,
To exercise their dancing feet,
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffadils and daisies crown'd.
Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast,
The May-poles too with garlands grac't;
Thy morris-dance; thy Whitsun-ale;
Thy sheering-feast; which never faile:
Thy Harvest Home; thy wassaile bowle,
That's tost up after Fox i' th' Hole;
Thy mummeries; thy Twelfe-tide kings
And queenes; thy Christmas revellings;
Thy nut-browne mirthe; thy russet wit,
And no man payes too deare for it.
To these thou hast thy times to goe
And trace the hare i' th' trecherous snow;
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
The larke into the trammell net;
Thou hast thy cockrood, and thy glade
To take the precious phesant made;
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pit-falls then,
To catch the pilfring birds, not men.
O happy life! if that their good

The husbandmen but understood:*
Who all the daye themselves doe please,
And younglings, with such sports as these;
And, lying down have nought t'affright
Sweet sleep that makes more short the night.

Cætera desunt.

— *Robert Herrick* [1591–1674]

* Cf. *Georgics* II. 458 ff.

From THE DAISY

REMEMBER how we came at last
To Como; shower and storm and blast
  Had blown the lake beyond his limit,
And all was flooded; and how we past

From Como, when the light was gray,
And in my head, for half the day,
  The rich Virgilian rustic measure
Of Lari Maxume, all the way,

Like ballad-burthen music, kept,
As on the Lariano crept
  To that fair port below the castle
Of Queen Theodolind, where we slept.

— *Alfred, Lord Tennyson* [1809–1892]

THE ECLOGUES

Who has not heard the Arcadian shepherd's quires,
Which now have gladly chang'd their native tongue,
And sitting by slow Mincius, sport their fill,
With sweeter voice and never-equalled skill,
Chanting their amorous lays unto a Roman quill?

— PHINEAS FLETCHER

VIRGIL'S FIRST ECLOGUE REMEMBERED*

First Century, B.C.

WHEN Tityrus, two thousand years ago,
Reclining 'neath his beech-tree's ample shade,
To Melibœus, homeless made by war,
(A Mantuan who had met a Belgian's fate
In those pre-Christian days of pagan *pax*)
Discoursed of plenteous peace and rustic wealth,
And love of country visioned as a god,
He pledged his patriotic ardor thus:

'*The stags shall pasture buoyant in the sky,*
The seas in tree-tops leave their fish to die,
Of Arar shall the distant Parthian drink,
Athirst the German kneel on Tigris' brink,
Ere I'll forget thy face or lightly hold
Thy name, O guardian of my field and fold.'

And Melibœus answered with a sigh,

'*Thou'rt favored, Tityrus, while here am I*
Thrust headlong by a soldier from the soil
Rich with my kindred's immemorial toil;
My standing crops the alien robbers sweep
Clad in the stolen fleeces of my sheep.
Have I a distant hope, shall I at last
Return when travel has confused the past
From exile bleak, and view what now I mourn,
The low, thatched hut where I was born?'

* Read at the meeting of the Upper Hudson Phi Beta Kappa Association at Albany, February 24, [1917] in celebration of the centenary of the organization of Alpha Chapter at Union College.

Twentieth Century A.D.

August, 1916

The German presses toward the ancient stream
(That once as 'Hiddekel' from Eden flowed
But now as 'Tigris' dreams of Nineveh)
And hopes with helmet in his hand to drink
Beneath the Bagdad sun near Babylon;
(For Babylon hath been a golden bowl
'From which the nations of the earth have drunk
And are gone mad,' as Jeremiah cried
Long, long ago and might still cry to-day).
The German's ally, near old Parthia's bounds,
Turns from the desert edge of Syria's sands,
And seeks the 'Arar' that is now the 'Saône'
Whose sources lie beneath the Vosges, not far
From that fair christ'ning font of St. Dié,
Where first 'America' was writ in type
And graven on a New World map.
. . . . . And still
In this New World undreamed in Virgil's day
Dwells Tityrus in his exclusive ease,
Thanking his Providence for what augments
The flocks and crops and stocks of Tityrus,
While Melibœus wanders shelterless;
And still he sings: '*The Parthian's sons shall drink*
Of Arar's fount; and on the Tigris' brink
Shall kneel the tawny Hohenzollern hosts
To quench their thirst — keeping their long-time boasts;
The Zeppelins shall graze in our own skies
And hostile U-boats in our harbors rise,
Ere I'll forget thy face, who blessest me
With safe and bountiful neutrality.

* * * *

'*Meanwhile, O Melibœus, o'er thy cause*
My heart doth grieve. In proof: I give thee gauze

To bind thy wounds, and calories of bread,
Close-measured, from my table, war-bespread;
And Amaryllis, sitting at my side,
My beauteous, precious, war-endowered bride,
Will knit thee cov'ring for thy weary feet,
Since thou must walk in alien land and street. —
My eggs and curds bring prices fabulous
I can afford to be so bounteous.'

December, 1916

Shall we, like Tityrus, in ease, still sing
Our self-contented songs; nor dare the thing
For human right amid the world's red wrong,
That makes our flaunted freedom worth a song?
Shall Melibœus into exile go
And we, wealth-swollen, empty pity show?
Shall Belgian, Serb, Armenian and Pole
Be left by savagery to famine's dole, —
Their bones be valued only for their yield
Of phosphate for the garden and the field?
Come, let us in protesting word unite
And say that word with all our heart and might!

February, 1917

I'll give thee, Tityrus, another song,
A New World song, that thou mayst sing as long
As thou hast sung beneath thy beech-wood tree
Thine ancient idyl of prosperity:

'Land of undaunted youth,
Land of the last-born truth,
For thee one dares to fight;
I will not vaunt nor brag,
But I will guard thy flag,
Flying for human right:

'A flag upon the land
That shall for justice stand;

A flag upon the sea
That makes its pathways free;
A flag upon the breast
Of him who dares protest
And sacrifice his all
At its heav'n-crying call.

'The stags shall buoyant pasture in the sky,
The seas in tree-tops leave their fish to die,
Ere I'll forget this flag or, selfish, hold
From earth's stark need, myself, my field, my fold.'

L'Envoi

December, 1917

Flag of the gleaming stars,
Lead thou us on our darkened way
Till thy encrimsoned bars
Shall mark the dawn of earth's new day!

— *John Finley*

THE DAWN*

(*For C. F. S.*)

Friend, you recall how we lingered above the bluffs of Wisconsin,
Talking of Roman and Greek there by the Indian stream,
Under a sun of September, apart from the camp in the dingle,
Once on a wonderful noon, nearly a decade ago? —
Minded of that, I am minded to give you a lyrical secret:
How in the breast of a lad love of the Muses began.

FRESH from a starry sleep, on a school-boy morning of April
(Over the meadows a mist, oriole out in the elm),
Fresh from my dreams of the Marvelous Book I had opened at bed-time
(Pictures of altar and urn, Sibyl, Silenus, and lyre),
There in the homestead at Hilton I sat by the window with Vergil:
Under the morning star, words like woods to explore.
Tityre, tu patulae. . . . O eery quest in the silence!
Magic of dawn on the earth, magic of dawn in the boy!
Thrilling from letter to letter and every word an enchantment. . . .
Silvestrem tenui . . . even ere meaning was known!
Eager, how eager my fingers divided the glossary's pages,
Finding me key after key, golden though printed in black!
Proudly, how proudly my spirit deployed its strength over grammar,
Linking the noun to its kin, binding the verb to its man.
Then, as the words became phrases and phrases grew into verses
(Change as subtle and vast, even as cell into flow'r),

* From *A Son of Earth*, New York, The Viking Press, 1928.

O can I tell you the soul of the beautiful poignant Adventure
(Sun just over the hill, oriole out in the elm),
There in the quiet of morning, with sleepers three in the homestead
(Father who'd bought me the Book, mother and sister who knew),
Where, with the mist on the meadow, I sat by the window with Vergil:
Sat with the soul of the dead — living again in my own! —
Back by the Mantuan uplands, Mincius stream, and Cremona
(Far, how far from the mill, down by the Quarry and Cave);
Seeing, as never before, though often I'd wandered the hillsides
(After the dogwood in spring, after persimmons in fall),
Feeling, as never before, though often I'd wandered the valleys
(Summer and winter away — off to the orchards and oaks),
Seeing, and feeling, and hearing the Tree as a Being of nature
(Tityrus under the beech, oriole out in the elm) . . .
Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi:
Tegmine fagi . . . the Tree! *Tegmine fagi* . . . the Bird!
Out of that tree, as I fancy, have budded all blossoms and creatures,
Flowed all rivers I know, whispered all winds I have heard.
Tityre, lentus in umbra . . . Man's mystical union with Nature,
Man in his sorrow and joy, came to me there 'in the shade.'
Dulcia linquimus arva . . . the love of the acres we've planted,
Love that is pain when we go, wanderers ever on earth.

Nos patriam fugimus . . . and home and country were dearer
(Though we had caroled at school 'Country, my country of thee') . . .
Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas. . . .
(Bessie with ribbon and braid, oriole out in the elm). . . .
Formosam resonare . . . and sylvan Muse and the reed-pipe! . . .
Magic of dawn on the earth, magic of dawn in the boy!

Friend, sometime on a walk in the willows west of Mendota
(Sunset Point if you will, — Wingra or Oregon Road),
Let us unravel, in sportive discourse and deft analytic,
Purport and cause of the spell, here recorded for you:
For, of a truth, you have guarded the Gift, have guarded and given,
Loving the Greek in man's soul — quickened to-day in how few.

— William Ellery Leonard

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